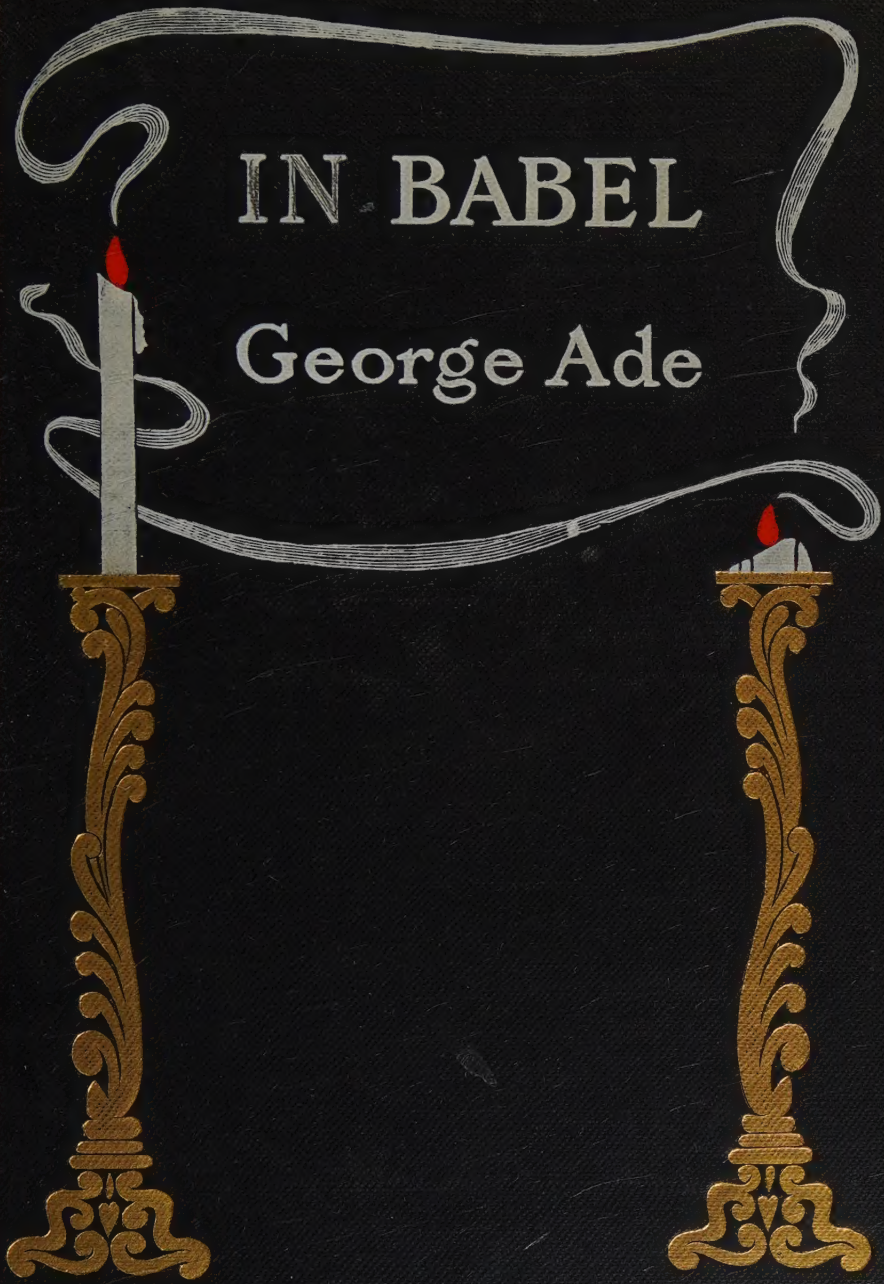
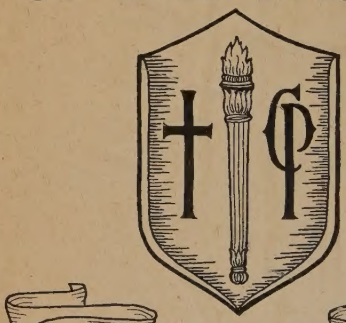
IN BABEL

George Ade



COLLEGE
OF THE PACIFIC



GIFT OF
Mrs. Henry R. Hatfield

WITHDRAWN

IN BABEL

IN BABEL

STORIES OF CHICAGO

BY GEORGE ADE

NEW YORK
McCLURE, PHILLIPS & CO.
1903

COPYRIGHT, 1903, BY
McCLURE, PHILLIPS & CO.

Published, September, 1903

gift
Mrs. H. R. Hatfield

51030

MAR 12 1947

PS
1006
A6I6

PREFACE

These little stories and sketches have been rewritten from certain daily contributions to the Chicago *Record*, now the Chicago *Record-Herald*. They have been assembled into this volume in the faint hope that they may serve as an antidote for the slang which has been administered to the public in such frequent doses of late. They are supposed to deal, more or less truthfully, with every-day life in Chicago.

THE AUTHOR.

CONTENTS

	PAGE
"The Dip"	1
And Josephine Forgave	15
The Barclay Lawn Party	27
Why "Gondola" was Put Away	37
Effie Whittlesy	47
The Feud	61
"Tall-Stoy"	67
The Other Girl	75
The Judge's Son	85
House in Mercedes Street	95
Hickey Boy and the Grip	105
The Set of Poe	113
Dubley, '89	123
The Money Present	137
Best of the Farleys	145
Mr. Wimberley's Trousers	155
The Former Kathryn	165
Cupid in Buttons	171

CONTENTS

	PAGE
The Buell Cherry	183
An Incident in the "Pansy"	193
Miss Tyndall's Picture	203
Mr. Payson's Satirical Christmas	213
Life Insurance	227
Our Private Romance	237
Mr. Lindsay on "San Jewan"	247
The Stenographic Proposal	255
The Relatives' Club	267
George's Return	275
Harry and Ethel	287
"Buck" and Gertie	297
The Scapegoat	307
Willie Curtin—a Man	315
Opening of Navigation	327
No Clarence	337
When Father Meets Father	349

"THE DIP"

"THE DIP"

The place known as "Larry's Lunch" is a narrow hole in the wall between two frame houses. The buildings are so old and weak that they lean toward each other in their decrepitude. The street in front is muddy and cobbled. Street-lamps are far apart. They burn low, as if this neglected air had not enough oxygen to feed a cheerful flame. The sunken and rotting sidewalk of wood is slippery to the foot. A kerosene lamp propped in the front window of "Larry's Lunch" showed as a mere smudge of light behind the dirty panes.

John Franzen lifted the loose iron latch, and there came into his nostrils, like the breathing from a foul creature, the smell of poverty, frying grease, and bad tobacco.

But he had to eat. He had not eaten for twenty-four hours. A Jew dealing in pawns and junk had given him ten cents for his pocket-knife—the last of his convertible property.

At "Larry's Lunch" he could get meat, bread, potatoes, and coffee for ten cents. He ordered and then

leaned forward on the rough table, with his chin in his hands, while the meat sizzled in the pan and a rancid smoke filled the low room.

His uncle had been right.

"You take your share of the money and go to Chicago and you'll be broke inside of six months," the uncle had said. "You're a fool with money. Any man's a fool with money unless it's money he's made himself."

"I know my business," he had said to his uncle.

After which they parted, with the understanding that if John Franzen ever needed money he was not to come to his uncle for it.

Yes, his uncle had been right. A fool with his money! Diamonds that he had worn clumsily—showy betting at the race-tracks—loans to new-made friends—experiments at the bucket-shops. Six months of it and he had sold his pocket-knife that he might eat a shred of carrion in this hole and be alive for another day.

Oh, what a triumph for those who had warned him —those who had told him he was a fool with money! What rejoicing there would be at home when they heard of it—and they would hear it, because in small towns they hear everything. They would be glad, to be sure—all except Aunt Ella.

"She was the only one who ever understood me," he said, half aloud, grinding his fists on the table. "But I don't care."

Then, because he didn't care, he let his head fall into the angle of his right arm, and there in the darkness that he made for himself, he cried. He was only twenty-two.

The front door clicked and slammed. Larry, who was both cook and waiter (in a red flannel shirt chopped off at the elbows), brought the meat and coffee. John Franzen pulled himself up from the table. Before him, talking to Larry, stood a very small young man, with square shoulders, a pointed nose, shifty eyes and mouth twitching into a smile whenever he spoke. This young man wore a plaid cap, with a short peak. His coat collar was turned up, and within it was a blue and white handkerchief knotted closely about his neck.

"If he comes around here, you tell him I want to see him," this young man was saying to Larry.

"All right, Eddie."

At that moment the young man named Eddie looked down and saw John Franzen's face, streaked with tears. Possibly he was surprised to know that a man may weep.

"What's the matter?" he asked. "Don't the steak suit you?"

"You'll have to excuse me," said Franzen, trying to laugh. "I'm hoeing a pretty hard row just at present. I s'pose I was kind o' weak from not eating or I wouldn't have—" and he stopped.

"What do you think of that?" asked Eddie, speaking to the proprietor, who had gone back to his stove.

Larry nodded wisely and smiled. Eddie stood and watched Franzen tear at the fibrous strip of meat and take long gulps of the hot coffee.

"First to-day?" he asked.

"Yes," answered Franzen, who was divided between shame and hunger.

"How did you get the price?"

"I sold my knife."

"What if you didn't have any knife?"

"I don't know."

"How long you been in town?"

"About six months."

"Nice town, ain't it?"

Franzen shook his head dubiously and made an effort to smile.

Eddie threw back his head and laughed aloud.

"This is one o' the cases," he said, calling to Larry. "Is it any wonder they start out?" Then to Franzen,

"Why didn't you stop some fellow and ask him to let you have a nickel or two?"

"Because I'm not a beggar."

"That's the way to talk!" exclaimed Eddie, and he laughed again. Franzen looked up at him, puzzled.

"Where you goin' to-night?"

"I don't know. There are two or three places where I'm going to call again to-morrow to see about a job."

"The job you stand a chance of gettin' to-morrow or next week ain't very much help to you to-night, is it?" asked Eddie.

"This is a new experience for me," said Franzen. "I've heard about fellows being up against it this way, but I never thought I'd come to it."

"You don't care much for it as far as you've got, do you?"

Franzen looked up again, undecided whether Eddie was sympathising with him or taunting him.

"I wish I had the money I had six months ago," he said bitterly. "They wouldn't take it away from me this time."

Eddie leaned across the table and gave Franzen a hard but playful blow in the ribs.

"You're all right," he said, laughing again. "I'll just stake you to a bed to-night."

When Franzen had eaten the last crumb of bread and drained the last drop of coffee he followed Eddie across the street and up a steep stairway into a room that held a bed, a table, a chair, and a zinc-bound trunk. The bed-clothes were in confusion.

"Roll in there next to the wall an' dream you've got all the cash you brought up from the country," commanded Eddie, who had squatted on the trunk, giving the only chair to his guest. Franzen slept with Eddie that night and went to breakfast with him next morning, at a fifteen-cent place.

"If you don't strike anything to-day, come around to-night," said Eddie.

Franzen did come back that night to get food and a resting-place. They were on their way to the room from the restaurant when two big men stood before them at a corner. One grabbed Eddie and the other held Franzen by the wrist before he had time to dodge or retreat.

"Hello, Mullen," said Eddie to the man who was holding him.

"Hello, Eddie," in a growling voice. "You can't stay away, can you?"

"Why should I? All my friends livin' here. What is this—the drag-net?"

"I don't know. They told us to bring you in if we found you. Who's your friend here?"

"It'll do me a lot o' good to tell you, won't it? If I say he's a young fellow that's gone broke and that I just happened to meet him an' stake him for a day or two till he could pick up somethin', of course everybody over at the station 'll believe me?"

"They may, if you tell it without laughin'. Come on."

A few minutes later here were Franzen and the Good Samaritan bumping over the granite blocks on their way to the police station. Franzen was surprised to find himself indifferent.

"I'm sorry to get you pinched, young fellow," said Eddie, through the gloom of the covered wagon. "I ought to have told you you was takin' a chance when you went around with me. I'm a bad little boy, ain't I, Mr. Policeman?"

"Oh-h-h!" growled the wagon-man.

"I don't blame *you*," said Franzen. "What right did they have to arrest either one of us?"

Eddie laughed and remarked: "You don't half know this town."

The wagon-policeman, whose shape blocked the light coming in at the narrow window, gave a disgusted mumble, in token of the fact that he could not

be deceived by their talk. He was possessed of a brutal unbelief, which he regarded as a fine quality of discernment.

At the station they were separated. Franzen gave his right name to the man in the cage, much to Eddie's amusement. The man in the cage did not have to ask for Eddie's name.

Franzen slept on a bench and he slept, too, lulled off with a mild impersonal wonder as to what his uncle and his aunt would say if they knew that their orphan charge was locked up in a police-station, and had not changed shirts for a week. Next morning he ate his heel of bread and drank his tin of coffee and looked out through the parallel bars at the bedraggled men and women who were being mustered for the morning session of court. He could not see Eddie anywhere. Some one was whistling at the other end of the corridor. He surmised that it was Eddie.

Then a turnkey in blue came and opened his cell-door.

"Come on," said the turnkey, and Franzen followed upstairs into a hot room, where a big captain with a grey moustache sat at the desk.

The captain looked at Franzen threateningly and said: "I don't know him."

Other men with moustaches came in and looked at

Franzen. They didn't know him either, and they regretted to say it. It showed a lack of professional knowledge not to be able to identify any stranger as a professional crook.

"How long have you and Eddie been workin' together?" one of them asked.

"I've never worked with him," said Franzen. "I've been looking for work all week."

He told them his story—the truth of it. Five big men smiled broadly and stared at him in contempt. They knew better.

"An' you didn't know Eddie was a dip?" asked the captain.

"A what?" (*Laughter.*)

"A dip."

"I don't know what you mean."

"Did you ever hear of pickpockets?"

"Yes, sir."

"Well, a dip is a pickpocket. That's what Eddie is."

"I don' care what he is. He did me a good turn. I never saw him until night before last."

"This fellow can be vagged," said one of the big men. "He admits himself he's out o' money an' ain't got a job."

"That's why he ain't a vag," said the captain.

"The vag has always got a job and plenty of money." Then to Franzen: "You keep away from Eddie an' his crowd." This meant that Franzen was free to go.

He started to leave the station and was attracted by the buzz of the courtroom. He went in, hoping to see Eddie again. There was a noisy and jostling crowd around the magistrate's high throne. Cases were being tried, but Franzen could not follow them in the confusion of sounds.

At last he saw Eddie coming out of the throng, held by a turnkey.

He slipped forward along the wall and touched him on the arm.

"Hello there," he said.

Eddie turned and grinned.

"Did you fix it?" he asked.

"They let me go."

"It's a wonder—bein' with me."

"Here, here!" growled the turnkey. "Come on!"

"I'm sent out," said Eddie.

"Where?"

"Where do you s'pose—I won't be there day after to-morrow. Good-bye."

"Say, I want to thank you for——"

"That's all right."

"You never told me your name."

"You ask here at the station. They'll give you all of my names."

"Come on!" said the turnkey, pulling.

Eddie winked and the battered door closed behind him.

AND JOSEPHINE FORGAVE

Markley was in a small back room on the second floor. It was whispered that he had a wife somewhere, and that she had cast him into the street, or, what was almost as deplorable, into the St. Clement Hotel.

It was hard to believe. Markley was a little man with a creepy walk and mild grey eyes. He seemed a gentle soul. Most of the time he sat apart from the other men, smoking a darkened briar pipe and gazing vacantly into the street.

At other times he would be in the stuffy writing-room, composing letters of many pages. It was supposed that these letters were to his wife, as he would sometimes pause in his writing and cover his eyes with a thin, bony hand, and sit thus in suggestive meditation.

Wilson, an employé of the Universal Transportation Company, was laid up at the hotel for three weeks. He moped and convalesced and read until he was desperate, and then he cultivated Markley as a last resort. Markley was the only man who could be found at all hours.

At first Markley was civil but not reciprocal. Then he slowly thawed, finding that Wilson was sympathetic. On the second or third day of their sitting around together he spoke of himself. It came out that he had been a "cub" machinist in his youth, then a draughtsman, and finally an inventor on his own account.

He had patented certain devices which were used by all makers of passenger and freight elevators, and he had thought out an overhead cash-carrier of the kind used in retail stores. These patents, he was free to admit, brought several thousands of dollars to him every year.

"You don't put on much style for a man who has a good income," said Wilson, meaning it as a half-way compliment.

"No, I don't care for show, but Josephine—well——"

He checked himself and once more began to talk of patents.

One day Markley invited Wilson up to the small back room to look at a drawing.

The room was as dismal as any hotel apartment could be. It contained a bed, a trunk, two chairs, and a bureau, on which were four books, a comb and brush, and one photograph.

While Markley was at the trunk to get the drawing, Wilson picked up the photograph and held it in the light.

The woman was large, but somewhat shrunken from the animal fulness of youth. There was too much cheek-bone and a bold look about the eyes. Wilson smiled at the staring face with the extravagance of ribbons below and the tangle of "bang" above. He was only a clerk for a transfer company, and a single man, but he knew all about women, of course. He guessed that this woman would wear white shoes in the summer time and prefer a yellow diamond to a fresh flower.

Markley straightened up from the trunk and saw Wilson looking at the photograph. He came and leaned over Wilson's arm.

"Fine-looking woman," he said.

"Yes, she's all right."

"You know who she is, of course?"

"No," said Wilson, in order to protect his compliment.

"That's my wife."

"Oh!"

Markley reached for the photograph, sat down on the edge of the bed and told his story.

They had been married ten years. She was the

daughter of a livery-man. He had seen her and loved her, but he never dared to ask her hand in marriage until he began to realise money on his patents.

She had accepted on condition that he get a house in Michigan Avenue. He laid aside a large share of his yearly income in order that she might have the house. She had enjoyed Michigan Avenue very much. She had so many friends there. She was so fond of society.

Wilson glanced across at the picture, and he could see the "society."

Markley confessed to Wilson that he never cared much for "society." He seldom went to the "springs" with his wife. She usually went with Mrs. McLeachkin. (Wilson happened to know that Mr. McLeachkin was an ex-confidence man, who had stolen considerable money in politics.) The last time she had spoken of going to the "springs" he (Markley) had advised against it. He had heard of Mrs. McLeachkin's personal encounter with a race-horse man in an all-night restaurant, and he had ventured to suggest that she was not a proper companion for his darling. When he entered his objections to Mrs. McLeachkin he was ordered out of the house by Mrs. Markley, and told that he must never come back. Since that

unhappy day he had been living at the St. Clement, wretched in spirit, but still hopeful that Mrs. Markley would forgive him and receive him back into the Michigan Avenue home.

Wilson heard the story to the end, and then he arose and walked back and forth, full of the superior wrath of the bachelor.

"Who owns that house?" he asked.

"We do—Josephine and me."

"It's in your name, isn't it?"

"Yes, but I don't want to try any harsh measures. She's mad enough now."

"What is she doing for money?"

"She gets so much a month. We fixed that."

"Well, why don't you shut off her supply? That'll bring her to her senses."

Markley shook his head and sighed. "No, I wouldn't do that," he said. "She's a woman with a lot of spunk and spirit, and I'd never hear the last of it."

"Do you expect to go back and live with her again?"

"I think she'll give in. I've been writing to her a good deal."

"And you mean to say that you're stopping here at the St. Clement and putting up money to let that

woman chase all over the country and have a good time? Oh, I think I see myself doing that!"

"Well, I'll tell you, Mr. Wilson, that's the only way to do anything with her. You don't know her the way I do. You've got to handle her easy. She's just back from New York now, and I've been sending a few little presents down there to sort of make her forget our trouble."

"Forget nothing! You didn't do anything but warn her against running around with that calcimined blonde, who, if you won't mind my saying it, is just a little tougher than sole leather. Everybody knows about her. You did right, so don't weaken!"

"Yes, I heard some of the reports. I don't think Josephine ought to go with her, but I might have known she wouldn't stand having me tell her to do this or do that. Still it'll come out all right in the end. I kind o' believe it will."

"Oh, I suppose so. She knows when she's got a good thing."

Markley wore such a reproachful look, that Wilson changed the subject.

Late one afternoon, about a week after that, Wilson came to the hotel and saw standing in front a coupé, on top of which was a lean negro with an exaggerated fur-collar. It was not often that a car-

riage stopped in front of the St. Clement, and Wilson therefore asked the clerk, "Who's our swell visitor?"

"Sh-h-h! I think it must be Markley's wife. They're in the parlour there."

Wilson walked softly toward the tawdry hole known as the "parlour" and peeped from behind the door.

Mrs. Markley sat calm and erect in a wreckage of department-store fabrics meant for gentler harmonies. She was powdered, except on the neck and under the ears, and as she plucked, or rather pecked, at her fine raiment, Wilson observed that all her fingers were circled with rings.

Markley was leaning toward her, purring for sympathy and pity as if he were a pet kitten. When he paused she looked down at him and said, "Humph! I suppose so."

Another soft pleading by Markley and then she smiled sourly and said, "Oh, that'll do to tell."

Another prolonged prayer from the suppliant, Markley. She wriggled in her chair and said, "Oh, I s'pose so."

Markley came out of the room and Wilson retreated. Markley overtook Wilson and seized him by the arm.

"Say, it's all right," he whispered, gleefully. "Come up to the room. I'm in a hurry. I want to tell you. She's in there—in the parlour."

"Your wife?"

"Yes, it happened just right. She used up all the money she had to her account, and wanted some more right away, so she drove over here to get a check. We've been talking it over, and I'm going back home with her."

Wilson followed him into the room and saw him dive into the trunk for a check-book and grab at the hook for an overcoat.

"She finally did come to see you when she needed money, eh?"

"This is what I was countin' on. It couldn't have happened better."

And he ran back to Josephine.

Wilson waited in the office to see them go away. Markley was in nervous ecstasy. He took hold of Josephine's arm to assist her, but she pulled away and said, "Oh, for goodness sake!"

Markley came over to Wilson and told him, aside, "I'd introduce you, Mr. Wilson, but you know how she is."

"Oh, that's all right," said Wilson. "I don't belong in society."

"Are you comin' or ain't you?" asked Josephine at the door.

"Yes, certainly, all right," he replied, and he ran.

Wilson saw him crawl into the coupé after her and ride away—toward Paradise.

THE BARCLAY LAWN PARTY

THE BARCLAY LAWN PARTY

The Barclays never went to summer-gardens where malt drink is served. They remained at home and looked at the factories. The Barclay home was a red-brick cube with a high and mournful roof. For ten years it had braced itself against the onsweeping rush of big machine-shops and steam-bakeries. Now it stood alone, a remnant of the old guard of that once sylvan street, surrounded and doomed, but not yet surrendering.

The Barclay girls were ready to move into a new house on the boulevard, but Mr. Barclay preferred to remain at home. The Methodist church was only three blocks to the west. Such friends as they cared to meet could still find the house. Here they had elbow room, green trees and flower-beds. Sometimes, when the smoke drifted obligingly, the sunshine reached them—and it was "home."

One summer day the Barclay girls decided to live down the unfashionableness of the street by giving a lawn party.

The guests were to assemble at 6.30, and there was

to be croquet playing in the area back of the grape-arbour. After that, when it came time for lighting the Chinese lanterns in the front yard, the company was to be seated at the small tables and provided with ice-cream, lemonade and cake. Two artists were to dispense mandolin music. After the serving of the refreshments and in the intervals between the mandolin selections, Eunice Barclay was to play a violin solo and the minister was to give some of the dialect recitations for which he had become justly famous with the members of his congregation. The minister had a fetching dialect, which was neither Yankee, German, nor Irish, but which he could fasten interchangeably on any kind of a character. Sometimes the minister would insert a dialect story into a sermon, and cause even Mr. Barclay to relax into an unwilling smile.

The lawn party started cheerfully. As the invited ones came straying in, Mrs. Barclay received them at the front porch and directed them to the croquet game back of the grape-arbour. There were but four players in the game, the other people sitting at the boundaries and simulating a sportive interest. Flora and the minister were partners against Mrs. Jennings and Mr. Talbot, who was the basso of the church-choir.

Flora convulsed the company when she exclaimed: "Oh, Mr. Talbot, I kissed you."

Now, what Flora really meant was that her croquet ball had kissed the croquet ball belonging to Mr. Talbot, but the startling wickedness implied in what she had said served to pleasantly horrify one and all. Afterward some of the women paled and pulled themselves back and seemed to feel that they had gone too far in their laughter, but they were reassured to observe that the minister was smiling and unruffled.

The Barclay girls did not vibrate with the full triumph of their plans until the guests moved in a loose swarm to where the chairs and tables waited under the soft glow of lanterns. The mandolin orchestra, consisting of a mandolin and guitar, began to tinkle in the shadow of the porch.

It was still early dusk as the company gaily took possession of the small tables. The reserve which had chilled the beginning of the croquet contest had gradually worn away, and bright conversational flings went from table to table, many of them aimed at the minister, who was accused of inordinate haste in getting at the ice-cream. He laid the blame on Sister Crandall, and said she had asked him to lead the way to the refreshments. Mrs. Crandall protested in mock anger, and Mr. Barclay laughed immoder-

ately, for he did not object to mischievous persiflage, under certain limitations.

A small boy had hung his face in a restful way between two pickets of the front fence and was gaping at the company. He was a big-eyed boy, and those who glanced toward him were made to think of a bloodless head impaled on two pikes. His silent scrutiny seemed to embarrass even the minister. Eunice Barclay went over to him and said, "Run away now, that's a good little boy." He backed away a few steps, staring at her sullenly, and when she rejoined the minister, he eased his chin between the pickets once more and grinned defiantly.

The orchestra began a medley of popular songs. Three other boys came to the fence and asked the big-eyed boy what was up. In a loud tone he urged them to keep still and listen to the music. Two men in their shirt-sleeves came along and stopped for the free concert. A little girl, having peeped through to get material for a connected story, ran away to arouse her friends and bring them to the scene of festival.

By the time the orchestra came to a rousing finish there were nine male persons punctuated along the fence, and a moment later no less then seven little girls mobilised and wriggled their fingers between the palings and began to point out objects of interest.

The Barclay guests stiffened themselves in their chairs and conversed laboriously, determined to ignore, and thus repel, the low curiosity.

But when one of the men in shirt-sleeves suggested to the orchestra that it "Play something else," a perceptible shiver ran through the assemblage. The little girls began to speculate earnestly as to the quality of the ice-cream.

Flora Barclay fanned herself rapidly and said, "Well, I never!" several times. Then she asked, "Don't you suppose they would go away if you asked them to, Mr. Talbot?"

Mr. Talbot weighs 130 pounds, and it may be that he was not meant for the commander's purple. But he said he would try.

He approached the fence, and, addressing the line of outsiders, said: "This is just a little private party, you know, and we'd be much obliged if you wouldn't stand here."

"We ain't hurtin' you," said one of the bulky men. "Go on with your show."

"I know, but the ladies who live here would rather that you—that is, wouldn't congregate here."

The men looked at one another, undecided, and then one of them said: "I don't like to be drove away from a place while I'm behavin' like a gentleman."

"That's right," mumbled his neighbour, his manner indicating that he had been stung in his American pride.

Mr. Talbot rejoined Flora and said he believed the men would go away presently. But they did not go away.

The orchestra played again, and the attendance increased. A crowd gathers itself like a rolling snowball. The larger it becomes, the greater is its drawing power.

Those who arrived during the second music loudly asked what was happening, and some of them seemed to believe that the music and the display of lanterns had a political significance. By this time the minister was comforting the women by telling them that it was "most unfortunate." Mr. Talbot was worried. Again Flora had asked him to "do something." What could he do?

Great was his relief when he saw an officer of the law. The policeman had parted a way for himself and was leaning heavily on the fence, a thoughtful expression mantling his face as he listened to the music.

"Please, Mr. Officer," said Mr. Talbot, "won't you get these people to go away? This is a private lawn-party."

"Do they bother you?" asked the policeman.

"I should say so."

"I don't know as I've got any right to move 'em."

"Haven't got any right! Of course you've got a right. I appeal to you, sir. What's your number?"

"Oh, well, I'll try to get 'em back," said the policeman.

So he started along the fence, saying: "Come now, you'll have to move away from here." Every one retired before the majesty of his presence until he came to the man who previously had said that he didn't "want to be drove away." This man began to ask questions of the policeman.

"Who owns this sidewalk?" he demanded. "These people here don't own the street, do they? You don't have to do what they say, do you? Ain't I a tax-payer? Have I violated any ordinance, huh?"

The policeman was not a bureau of information. He took the inquisitive man by the neck and attempted to throttle him. The next moment there was a whirlwind battle.

The timid women under the Barclay trees screamed and caught hold of one another. Tables were upset and dishes went avalanching. Beyond the fence, a rosewood club twirled in the uncertain light and the tax-payer lunged to avoid it.

Then a patrol-wagon at the corner and two hundred spectators helping to load the damaged taxpayer into it.

Solemn, churchly men leading shaky women out of the Barclay front gate.

Flora in a summer-chair on the vine-sheltered porch, squirming with hysteria and Mr. Talbot trying to console her.

"Oh! Oh! The barbarians!" she gasped, with her handkerchief crumpled against her cheek.

"They are. They are, indeed," assented Mr. Talbot, reaching for her hand.

"We've wanted to move out of this dreadful neighbourhood for years, but father—Oh—" and once more collapse seemed imminent. But Mr. Talbot was holding her hand in both of his hands.

"Let your father stay if he wants to, but you and me can go and live wherever you say."

Ungrammatical and undiplomatic, true, but it served the purpose and it had to happen some time.

WHY "GONDOLA" WAS PUT AWAY

WHY "GONDOLA" WAS PUT AWAY

"Gondola" Wilson was not a tramp, because he knew a trade and had been known to work. He was a tramp in this, however, that he consistently refused to pay railway fares. Hence his name. "Gondola" is submerged tenth for "flat-car."

He was a journeyman of the restless kind. When he had been three weeks in Milwaukee, then St. Paul seemed a more desirable place of residence. When in St. Paul, he had a tired hankering to see the Narcissus lodging-house in Chicago. After he had arrived at the Narcissus, he began to watch the trains starting for Cincinnati and longed to curl himself on a truck and jolt away to where the muddy stream fronts the sloping warehouses.

Once he was away from the Narcissus for a whole year. On the day of his return to the Narcissus (the prison pallor on his face and his head cropped to show white scars) six inmates were sitting near the windows reading a morning newspaper. They had torn the paper into sheets and divided it. The man who had

drawn the small "ads." was discontented. He could find nothing on his sheet except "Help Wanted." He lowered his paper and before him sat "Gondola" Wilson, seeming yellow in the filtered light.

"Where's the committee?" asked "Gondola." "Where's the triumphal arch, 'Welcome Home'?"

"You're alive, then?"

"Alive and kickin',"

"If you're alive, it follows that you're kickin'. How long has it been?"

"A year—next month."

"You had to go crooked at last, did you?"

"Well, that's what they called it. I'm lucky they didn't hang me. Some of 'em wanted to."

"Tell me what you done. I ain't the court."

"Say, listen, an' see if you ever heard the likes before. It was in October—a year ago last October. I'd walked from Loueyville over to Terry Hut with a nigger that played the mouth-harp. We hid in the yards at Terry Hut an' got into an empty stock that we thought was headed for Danville. Some time in the night a brakeman seen us an' fired us out. I'd been asleep and the first thing I remember was fallin' out o' the car an' lightin' hard, with the coon comin' after me. We didn't know where we was, but we could make out a side track an' a chute for loadin' hogs.

About a mile off we could see some lights an' we judged we was near a purty good-sized town. Me an' the coon started to walk toward town an' then I stopped him an' says: 'Here, if we go to drillin' around town at this time o' night an' one o' them country coppers gets a peep at us, he'll shoot us first and then ask us our names afterwards. Let's crawl in somewheres an' sleep till mornin' an' then we'll go in town an' try to round up a hand-out.' Well, just as I was sayin' this, we happened to be walkin' along past a tall fence. I looked through the cracks an' could see one or two lights quite a distance off an' right near us was a long buildin' that looked somethin' like a barn. It was gettin' chilly an' I said to this pardner of mine, 'Coon, gi' me a boost over the fence an' I think we can find a warm place here.' So we skinned over the fence an' come to the buildin'. It was a big buildin'. I still thought it was a barn. We walked around, lookin' for a door or window, so 't we could crawl in. At last this pardner of mine—his name 'uz Jeff an' I'll kill him if ever I lay eyes on him again—Jeff found a little door that wasn't locked an' we went in, feelin' our way along, thinkin', you know, that we might find some hay or straw to sleep on. Purty soon Jeff fell over somethin' an' I landed on top of him. We felt around us an' discovered that we'd run into a lot o' watermelons

layin' on the floor. I s'pose the coon was sorry to meet them melons, huh? The first thing I knew he'd split one of 'em open an' I could hear him chompin' in the dark. Well, I got up an' felt my way along an' purty soon I reached out an' what do you s'pose I took holt of there in the pitch dark? This ain't no dream I'm tellin' you. *What do you think I took holt of?* A plate with about a dozen biscuits on it. Now, I ain't no crook an' I never broke into a house to steal anything, but I'll leave this to you. If you hadn't had anything to eat for eighteen hours an' should happen to crawl into a barn at night an' reach out into the dark an' find a dozen light biscuits, would you eat 'em or throw 'em away?"

"I'd prob'ly eat 'em," was the reply.

"That's what I done, except what I give to Jeff. He found a match in his close an' struck it, an' we saw in front of us a wooden shelf covered with pies and cakes an' all kinds o' cooked stuff. The match only burned for a minute, but we made out that much. Jeff found a plate o' butter, an' we et the biscuit with butter, an' I ain't tasted anything like it since I run away from home in Lowell thirty years ago. Then Jeff broke a cake in two an' give me half of it. It was kind o' dry eatin, but we put lots of butter on it. I s'pose I ought to stopped an' remembered that all this

provender belonged to somebody, but I was so blamed hungry I didn't wait to think of nothin'. An' I must say I never seen anybody eat the way that coon did. I didn't exactly see him eat, neither, but I could hear him all right. After he et all the cakes an' pies and biscuits he could lay his hands on he went back to watermelon, an' I could hear him sloshin' an' gulpin' there in the dark. I started to feel around for a soft place to lay down, an' what do you guess? I run into a lot of bed-cloze on lines."

"Say, what kind of a pipe is this?" asked the listener, with a sidewise turn in his chair, indicating scepticism.

"It's the truth, every word of it. There must a' been a dozen quilts. I pulled 'em down an' me and Jeff rolled ourselves up in 'em an' went to sleep. We'd et a lot an' it was a cold night, an' under them warm covers we slept like a couple o' logs. Well, the next thing I remember, somebody was shakin' me good an' hard, an' I looked up at a fellow that had a tin star on his coat an' a broomstick in his hand. I kind o' remembered what had happened an' looked around. It was broad daylight. We laid there in the infernalest mess of eatables you ever seen. People was pilin' through the doors to get a look at us. I don't suppose you've figured out what we'd done, so I'll

tell you. This place we'd got into was what they call Floral Hall at the county fair. All the stuff we'd been eatin' was the exhibitions of the best biscuits, the best watermelons, the best cake, the best butter, an' so on of the whole county. You know the quilt I had around me. Well, it was made of about a million little pieces o' silk. The woman that made it put in fifteen years on it, and it was supposed to be worth two hundred dollars. That all come out at the trial."

"Well, there must a' been a sore crowd o' grangers around there," suggested the lodger.

"Honest, it's a wonder they didn't kill me. We come mighty near bustin' up the whole show by eatin' them exhibitions. When they led us out o' the grounds an' took us in town to the jail there was a big crowd follered us an' hollered 'Lynch 'em!' 'String 'em up!' an' a few more remarks like that. That was the one time I was in a hurry to be put in jail. Do you know what they made it when it come to a trial? Burglary! An' do you know what Jeff done? He got up an' swore that I'd hypnotised him. He testified that he didn't want to go into this buildin' at all, but I made him by threatenin' to cast a spell over him. You never heard such lyin' in your life. They sent him back to jail for three months an' put me over the road for a year. They've bleached me

just about right, ain't they? That's all right, though. Look here."

He put his hand into a ravelled side pocket and brought out a copy of Henry George's "Progress and Poverty." He made a deeper reach and found a brass "knucks" with a blunt head and three staring finger-holds.

"I'm savin' that for the coon," he said.

EFFIE WHITTLESY

Mrs. Wallace assisted her husband to remove his overcoat and put her warm palms against his red and wind-beaten cheeks.

"I have good news," said she.

"Another bargain sale?"

"Pshaw, no! A new girl, and I really believe she's a jewel. She isn't young or good-looking, and when I asked her if she wanted any nights off she said she wouldn't go out after dark for anything in the world. What do you think of that?"

"That's too good to be true."

"No, it isn't. Wait and see her. She came here from the intelligence office about two o'clock and said she was willing to 'lick right in.' You wouldn't know the kitchen. She has it as clean as a pin."

"What nationality?"

"None—that is, she's a home product. She's from the country—and *green!* But she's a good soul, I'm sure. As soon as I looked at her, I just felt sure that we could trust her."

"Well, I hope so. If she is all that you say, why, for goodness sake give her any pay she wants—put lace curtains in her room and subscribe for all the story papers on the market."

"Bless you, I don't believe she'd read them. Every time I've looked into the kitchen she's been working like a Trojan and singing 'Beulah Land.'"

"Oh, she sings, does she? I knew there'd be some draw-back."

"You won't mind that. We can keep the doors closed."

The dinner-table was set in tempting cleanliness. Mrs. Wallace surveyed the arrangement of glass and silver and gave a nod of approval and relief. Then she touched the bell and in a moment the new servant entered.

She was a tall woman who had said her last farewell to girlhood.

Then a very strange thing happened.

Mr. Wallace turned to look at the new girl and his eyes enlarged. He gazed at her as if fascinated either by cap or freckles. An expression of wonderment came to his face and he said: "Well, by George!"

The girl had come very near the table when she took the first overt glance at him. Why did the

tureen sway in her hands? She smiled in a frightened way and hurriedly set the tureen on the table.

Mr. Wallace was not long undecided, but during that moment of hesitancy the panorama of his life was rolled backward. He had been reared in the democracy of a small community, and the democratic spirit came uppermost.

"This isn't Effie Whittlesy?" said he.

"For the land's sake!" she exclaimed, backing away, and this was a virtual confession.

"You don't know me."

"Well, if it ain't Ed Wallace!"

Would that words were ample to tell how Mrs. Wallace settled back in her chair blinking first at her husband and then at the new girl, vainly trying to understand what it meant.

She saw Mr. Wallace reach awkwardly across the table and shake hands with the new girl and then she found voice to gasp: "Of all things!"

Mr. Wallace was confused and without a policy. He was wavering between his formal duty as an employer and his natural regard for an old friend. Anyway, it occurred to him that an explanation would be timely.

"This is Effie Whittlesy from Brainerd," said he. "I used to go to school with her. She's been at our

house often. I haven't seen her for—I didn't know you were in Chicago," turning to Effie.

"Well, Ed Wallace, you could knock me down with a feather," said Effie, who still stood in a flustered attitude a few paces back from the table. "I had no more idee when I heard the name Wallace that it'd be you, though knowin', of course, you was up here. Wallace is such a common name I never give it a second thought. But the minute I seen you—law! I knew who it was, well enough."

"I thought you were still at Brainerd," said Mr. Wallace, after a pause.

"I left there a year ago November, and come to visit Mort's people. I s'pose you know that Mort has a position with the street-car company. He's doin' *so* well. I didn't want to be no burden on him, so I started out on my own hook, seein' that there was no use of goin' back to Brainerd to slave for two dollars a week. I had a good place with Mr. Sanders, the railroad man on the north side, but I left becuz they wanted me to serve liquor. I'd about as soon handle a toad as a bottle of beer. Liquor was the ruination of Jesse. He's gone to the dogs—been off with a circus somewheres for two years."

"The family's all broken up, eh!" asked Mr. Wallace.

"Gone to the four winds since mother died. Of course you know that Lora married Huntford Thomas and is livin' on the old Murphy place. They're doin' about as well as you could expect, with Huntford as lazy as he is."

"Yes? That's good," said Mr. Wallace.

Was this an old settlers' reunion or a quiet family dinner. The soup had been waiting.

Mrs. Wallace came into the breach.

"That will be all for the present, Effie," said she.

Effie gave a startled "Oh!" and vanished into the kitchen.

"What does this mean?" asked Mrs. Wallace, turning to her husband, who had lain back in his chair to relieve himself with silent laughter.

"It means," said Mr. Wallace, "that we were children together, made mud pies in the same puddle and sat next to each other in the old school-house at Brainerd. She is a Whittlesy. Everybody in Brainerd knew the Whittlesys. Large family, all poor as church mice, but sociable—and freckled. Effie's a good girl."

"Effie! *Effie!* And she called you Ed!"

"My dear, there are no misters in Brainerd. Why shouldn't she call me 'Ed'? She never heard me called anything else."

"She'll have to call you something else here. You tell her so."

"Now, don't ask me to put on any airs with one of the Whittlesys, because they know me from away back. Effie has seen me licked at school. She has been at our house, almost like one of the family, when mother was sick and needed another girl. If my memory serves me right, I've taken her to singing-school and exhibitions. So I'm in no position to lord it over her, and I wouldn't do it any way. I'd hate to have her go back to Brainerd and report that she met me here in Chicago and I was too stuck up to remember old times and requested her to address me as 'Mister Wallace.' Now, you never lived in a small town."

"No, I never enjoyed that privilege," said Mrs. Wallace, dryly.

"Well, it is a privilege in some respects, but it carries certain penalties with it, too. It's a very poor schooling for a fellow who wants to be a snob."

"I wouldn't call it snobbishness to correct a servant who addresses me by my first name. 'Ed' indeed! Why, I never dared to call you that."

"No, you never lived in Brainerd."

"And you say you used to take her to singing-school?"

"Yes, ma'am—twenty years ago, in Brainerd.

You're not surprised, are you? You knew when you married me that I was a child of the soil, who worked his way through college and came to the city in a suit of store clothes. I'll admit that my past does not exactly qualify me for the Four Hundred, but it will be great if I ever get into politics."

"I don't object to your having a past, but I was just thinking how pleasant it will be when we give a dinner-party to have her come in and address you as 'Ed.' "

Mr. Wallace patted the table-cloth cheerily with both hands and laughed.

"I really don't believe you'd care," said Mrs. Wallace.

"Effie isn't going to demoralise the household," he said, consolingly. "Down in Brainerd we may be a little slack on the by-laws of etiquette, but we can learn in time."

Mrs. Wallace touched the bell and Effie returned.

As she brought in the second course, Mr. Wallace deliberately encouraged her by an amiable smile, and she asked, "Do you get the Brainerd papers?"

"Yes—every week."

"There's been a good deal of sickness down there this winter. Lora wrote to me that your uncle Joe had been kind o' poorly."

"I think he's up and around again."

"That's good."

And she edged back to the kitchen.

With the change for dessert she ventured to say: "Mort was wonderin' about you the other day. He said he hadn't saw you for a long time. My! You've got a nice house here."

After dinner Mrs. Wallace published her edict. Effie would have to go. Mr. Wallace positively forbade the "strong talking-to" which his wife advocated. He said it was better that Effie should go, but she must be sent away gently and diplomatically.

Effie was "doing up" the dishes when Mr. Wallace lounged into the kitchen and began a roundabout talk. His wife, seated in the front room, heard the prolonged murmur. "Ed" and Effie were going over the family histories of Brainerd and recalling incidents that may have related to mud pies or school exhibitions.

Mrs. Wallace had been a Twombley, of Baltimore, and no Twombley, with relatives in Virginia, could humiliate herself into rivalry with a kitchen girl, or dream of such a thing, so why should Mrs. Wallace be uneasy and constantly wonder what Ed and Effie were talking about?

Mrs. Wallace was faint from the loss of pride. The night before they had dined with the Gages. Mr.

Wallace, a picture of distinction in his evening clothes, had shown himself the bright light of the seven who sat at the table. She had been proud of him. Twenty-four hours later a servant emerges from the kitchen and hails him as "Ed"!

The low talk in the kitchen continued. Mrs. Wallace had a feverish longing to tip-toe down that way and listen, or else go into the kitchen, sweepingly, and with a few succinct commands, set Miss Whittlesy back into her menial station. But she knew that Mr. Wallace would misinterpret any such move and probably taunt her with joking references to her "jealousy," so she forbore.

Mr. Wallace, with an unlighted cigar in his mouth (Effie had forbidden him to smoke in the kitchen), leaned in the doorway and waited to give the conversation a turn.

At last he said: "Effie, why don't you go down and visit Lora for a month or so? She'd be glad to see you."

"I know, Ed, but I ain't no Rockefeller to lay off work a month at a time an' go around visitin' my relations. I'd like to well enough—but——"

"O pshaw! I can get you a ticket to Brainerd to-morrow and it won't cost you anything down there."

"No, it ain't Chicago, that's a fact. A dollar goes a good ways down there. But what'll your wife do? She told me to-day she'd had an awful time gettin' any help."

"Well—to tell you the truth, Effie, you see—you're an old friend of mine and I don't like the idea of your being here in my house as a—well, as a hired girl."

"No, I guess I'm a servant now. I used to be a hired girl when I worked for your ma, but now I'm a servant. I don't see as it makes any difference what you call me, as long as the work's the same."

"You understand what I mean, don't you? Any time you come here to my house I want you to come as an old acquaintance—a visitor, not a servant."

"Ed Wallace, don't be foolish. I'd as soon work for you as any one, and a good deal sooner."

"I know, but I wouldn't like to see my wife giving orders to an old friend, as you are. You understand, don't you?"

"I don't know. I'll quit if you say so."

"Tut! tut! I'll get you that ticket and you can start for Brainerd to-morrow. Promise me, now."

"I'll go, and tickled enough, if that's the way you look at it."

"And if you come back, I can get you a dozen places to work."

Next evening Effie departed by carriage, although protesting against the luxury.

"Ed Wallace," said she, pausing in the hallway, "they never will believe me when I tell it in Brainerd."

"Give them my best and tell them I'm about the same as ever."

"I'll do that. Good-bye."

"Good-bye."

Mrs. Wallace, watching from the window, saw Effie disappear into the carriage.

"Thank goodness," said she.

"Yes," said Mr. Wallace, to whom the whole episode had been like a cheering beverage, "I've invited her to call when she comes back."

"To call—here?"

"Most assuredly. I told her you'd be delighted to see her at any time."

"The idea! Did you invite her, really?"

"Of course I did! And I'm reasonably certain that she'll come."

"What shall I do?"

"I think you can manage it, even if you never did live in Brainerd."

Then the revulsion came and Mrs. Wallace, with a full return of pride in her husband, said she would try.

THE FEUD

THE FEUD

In front of the police-station the street was a dismal slime. A fine rain beat into the black puddles and helped to soften the islands of mud. Dripping trolley-cars went by, hissing in disgust, the dirty water lifted by the wheels. Now and then, through the fog and drizzle, some one came wading, stamped his feet on the mucky stone sidewalk and entered the station.

Within the sheltered arch there was a smell of wet clothes. The men who stood there had their coat-collars turned up and their hats pulled down. They stood and looked out at the rain with deadened eyes. The hallway beyond was gloomy, and the men against the wall talked in growls.

At first the court-room seemed like a cavern, with dim shapes moving stealthily, their soggy feet making little noise on the floor. When the eye became more accustomed to the gloom, there were two sections of benches facing the high place where the magistrate was to sit.

The water dripped on the sills outside. The walls

beyond were rain-soaked and blurred by fog. Along the benches the men and women sat motionless—immersed in melancholy.

In that darkened room there were but two human beings who were able to lift themselves above despondency. A baby, with a soiled bib pulled awry, wriggled over the mother's shoulder and made friendly gestures at a baby on the bench behind. The second baby gurgled in recognition and squirmed about in its mother's arms as if to gain freedom and then climb over and go visiting.

The woman in front looked around and saw the other woman. She pulled the clawing child away from her shoulder and set it in her lap with a decided concussion.

The other woman flounced to the end of the bench and turned the child squarely around so as to give it a view of a moist policeman blocking a doorway.

After that the two women glared at each other with ineffable hatred.

These two women were enemies. They had braved the rain and chill of a November morning, each to tell the magistrate that the other was a slatternly gossip and a creature with whom no honest people could have dealings. They had scolded each other from back stoops and threatened each other with

kitchen utensils and assailed family reputations until nothing would satisfy either of them but the swift vengeance of the law on the other.

It must have been a shock for Mrs. Montague when she saw that Little Magnus Montague had crept up and was making love to little Lizzie Capulet on the seat behind.

No wonder she bumped Magnus as she replaced him in her lap! If he had been a discriminating baby he would have known that the little Capulet was the spawn of evil and an oblong beginning of all wickedness.

If he had possessed one spark of family pride he would have scorned to say "Goo" to any member of the hateful tribe of Capulet.

Who threw the tomato-cans into the Montague back yard? Who must have stolen the morning paper off the Montague front steps? Who broke the leg of the Montague cat? Answer—the Capulets.

And as for Mrs. Capulet, was it surprising that her ears tingled with shame and her cheeks reddened as she realised that her little Juliet had received the attentions of the accursed Romeo of the house of Montague—that Lizzie had smiled in encouragement when Magnus said "Goo"?

A child is born and the mother says: "Flesh of my

flesh and bone of my bone." She watches over the infant and gives it wisdom with its food.

Then when the daughter is eleven months old she turns against the parent, forgets filial duty and would follow Love and the Fates.

Doubtless Mrs. Capulet trembled for her child's safety as she clasped the yielding form. It is not a good omen—the daughter of a respectable house wriggling her fingers at a hardened young desperado!

Why should not Lizzie Capulet know, as the elder children knew, that the Montagues stole wood?

But it was not too late! She would rear the daughter in the knowledge that Mr. Montague drank and that Mrs. Montague's hair was not her own.

Let us hope that both of the children may be saved, and that the forebodings of that morning in the dusky police-station had no meaning.

The magistrate is doing what he can to avert a repetition of the momentary courtship. Last week he put the Montagues under a $200 bond to keep the peace.

This week he laid a similar bond on the Capulet household.

Furthermore, Reinhard Montague is building a high fence between the two back-yards.

"TALL-STOY"

"TALL-STOY"

"This is Mr. Latimer?" asked the man with the frock coat and the sombre gloves.

"It is," replied "Bob," swinging around in his revolving chair.

The stranger had a slight stoop and wore delta-shaped side whiskers of iron-grey. He went to the attack confidingly.

"Your name has been given to us, Mr. Latimer, as one who is fond of good books," he said, gazing at the assistant manager in mild and solemn friendliness.

"Who is 'us'?" asked "Bob."

"The Interplanetary Publishing Company is the house I have the honour to represent. Our manager was very anxious that I should call on you. Even if you do not care to place an order, I know that as a lover of beautiful print and bindings, you will take some pleasure in examining the sample volume I have here."

"Your manager is mixed in his dates. You have hunted up the wrong Latimer."

"I hardly think so. You have placed several orders with us already, haven't you? Didn't you take a set of the Balzac?"

"I guess I did—four dollars per Balzac. I've got 'em out home there now, just as good as new."

"That was an excellent edition."

"I wouldn't dare to contradict you, because I've never looked into one of 'em."

"I had understood that you were something of a collector."

"That isn't what I call myself. I call myself an easy mark. I've got about as much use for a lot of them books as a Methodist preacher'd have for a dark lantern an' a pair o' loaded dice. I don't know how I happened to let myself be worked on that first lot. I guess I had orders from home to fill up the shelves. You fellows didn't do a thing to me. *Bing!* Four dollars a throw. They may be swell books all right but I don't have any time to get at 'em. Say, I don't even have time to read the newspapers."

"You have no objection, however, to my showing you some of our new things."

"Show it, if you want to, but you're simply usin' up your own time, I can tell you that."

"I have something here that I fancy will please

you," said the stranger, producing a black oil-cloth case from under his coat with the movement of the magician who finds the white rabbit.

"What is it?"

"Tolstoi."

"Come again."

"Tolstoi."

"Tall-stoy?"

"Yes. I suppose you are more or less familiar with his work?"

"Chicago man?"

"I don't think you caught the name—Tolstoi, the eminent Russian."

"Russian?"

"Yes, he is accorded first place among the great literary workers of the czar's domain, his writings being characterised by simplicity, immense strength, and a sympathy for all mankind, particularly the poor and down-trodden."

"That's all right, too, but if your house wants to get out books and sell them to people, why don't you plug for somebody here at home? There's lots of good fellows in this country you might help to a little money if you wanted to. Instead of that, you have to hunt up some fellow over in Russia. You can bet that any coin he gets out o' these books he spends

over there. He don't come to Chicago to blow it in, does he?"

"Our house is always ready to give encouragement to American authors, but in this line of work you must admit that Tolstoi is pre-eminent."

"Let me tell you something. You come in here and you want me to buy some books written by this—, whatever his name is, and you say to me that he is the best ever?"

"I merely repeat what the critics have agreed upon."

"The critics, eh? Now, let me tell you about them. I had a friend here from Grand Rapids the other day and I wanted to take him to a show. I didn't know what was good in town, so I gets a paper and reads the notices. Well, I find one play that gets an awful lift all around, so we go over there, and say! it was the saddest ever. It was so punk it was blue around the edges. I don't want any critic tellin' me where to get off. I don't think they're on the level. Now you say there're all out cappin' for this fellow. Mebbe they are, but look here, I never heard of this mug before and I've been in town all the time, too."

"He has been writing for years."

"Where?"

"Over in Russia."

"Yes, an' I've been in Chicago all that time. If he wants to do business with us people, why don't he come here?"

"My dear sir, Count Tolstoi's work has a world-wide interest. Will you be good enough to notice the print? The etchings are unusually good, also."

"How many books in the set?"

"There are twenty."

"Oh, Willie! I've just got a panel photograph o' myself settin' up these winter nights to read twenty of these things by his Russian nobs. Is that his picture—with the fringe? He don't look to me much like a count."

"I believe, Mr. Latimer, that you would deeply enjoy reading Tolstoi. He appeals to all thoughtful people."

"What are you trying to do, swell me? On the level do you find a good many people to go against this kind of a game?"

"I'm meeting with gratifying success, Mr. Latimer. You see, there has long been a demand for a uniform edition of Tolstoi."

"There has, eh? I hadn't heard about it."

"I sold three sets yesterday out at the university."

"What do you get for a set?"

"The price is three dollars a volume, payable in instalments."

"Sixty dollars' worth of—what's his name?"

"Tolstoi."

"I'd have to be getting my sixties easy to let go of 'em for anything like this."

"You couldn't have a more valuable set in your library."

"Yes? Well, you tell it all right. I s'pose you get a piece of that sixty."

"Naturally—I get my commission."

"How much? About forty-five?"

"Oh, really! I merely get a fair percentage for placing the works."

"Well, you'll earn all the percentage you get here."

"If you will——"

"Say, you ain't got one chance in a million. Let me give you a pointer, too. Drop Tall-stoy and get on a live one. Here's your book. I won't keep you waitin'."

THE OTHER GIRL

"Albert!"

"Umh?"

"Albert, I want to ask you something."

"Well?"

"Something—let go of my hand while I'm asking you this, because it's rather serious."

"Goodness!"

"Maybe not so serious, either, but—Oh, I don't know; I—I suppose I'm foolish to think about it, but something that Grace Elliott said yesterday——"

"I wouldn't care what she said about anything."

"I don't, because I know well enough that she tattles all she knows and a good deal more; but it was the way she acted more than anything else."

"What was it all about, anyway?"

"It was about *you*, for one."

"Yes; Grace loves me—not."

"It was something about you and some one else."

"Who was the 'some one else'?"

"Can't you guess?"

"No. Was it you?"

"No!"

"No? Well, then, I'm not interested to hear anything about it."

"Oh, you *dear* thing! It was something about a girl, though—another girl."

"Which one? What's her name?"

"I should think you could guess."

"I don't see why. I don't know many girls."

"That's too bad about you. Anyway, you might try."

"Well, who was it—Rose Whiting?"

"Rose Whiting! Oh!"

"Jessie Cameron?"

"Albert Morton, you're not trying to guess. It was Fannie McClellan."

"Oh!"

"Yes. I should think it *would* be 'Oh.' You knew the one I meant all the time."

"Who, I? Why *should* I?"

"Innocence! Now, Albert, stop laughing, please. I'm in earnest."

"So am I, then. What is it?"

"Well, I want to know something about her—about you and her."

"All right. Anything you want to know."

"You think I'm joking, but I'm not. I've told you

things, Albert, that I never told even to my dearest girl friends, and I think you might tell me something about Fannie McClellan, because—well, after Grace left here yesterday, I went up to my room and had a good cry."

"It's too bad she can't attend to her own business."

"I didn't believe what she said, but it made me—oh, she has such an aggravating way about her, and all the time she kisses you and fusses around you and pretends to be the best friend you ever had in the whole wide world."

"She makes me tired."

"After she'd gone away, I couldn't remember that she'd said anything in just so many words, but she kept hinting around and acting as if she knew a lot more than she cared to tell."

"Don't you remember anything she said?"

"Well, it was about you and—Fannie McClellan. You *did* go with her for a while, didn't you, Albert?"

"Yes, I used to take her to places once in a while. You knew that. Why, I was with her the first time I ever met you—that night at the Carleton Club."

"Yes, and when we were sitting over in the corner she looked as if she'd like to bite my head off. Was that the last time you ever went with her?"

"I don't remember. I may have gone with her once or twice after that."

"You must have gone with her a good many times altogether, counting when you called and all that."

"Ye-e-s. I saw her, occasionally, now and then, for a year or so before I met you."

"If that—then you must have liked her better than you did the other girls."

"Well, it was natural that I should like her better than some girls and then, again, there were other girls that I liked about as well as I did her."

"But you went to see her oftener than you did any other girl, now didn't you? Tell me, Albert, *please*. It's all past now and it doesn't make the teeniest bit of difference what happened, or whether you went to see her every night, only——"

"Only what? If it doesn't make any difference, what's all this excitement about?"

"Now, don't get mad, Albert."

"I'm not mad."

"Really?"

"No! Pshaw!"

"Now, can't you see that if we are going to be together all our lives, Albert, I ought to know about these things, so that if any one like Grace Elliott

comes around dropping her hints and saying these things I can——"

"Now, just one moment, Lil. Let's understand this whole business. What *was* it Grace Elliott said?"

"As I tell you, she didn't say anything in so many words, but you could see what she meant."

"All right, then. What did she mean?"

"Albert, you won't scold?"

"No; go ahead."

"Oh, I'm sorry I ever spoke of it at all."

"I wish I knew what 'it' was."

"Well, I want you to know, Albert, that I realise perfectly well that any one can go and see a girl once in awhile, and even take her to parties, without becoming engaged or anything like that, and I wouldn't have brought this up at all only that Grace——"

"Oh, *darn* Grace!"

"Albert!"

"She won't be a bridesmaid, do you understand? She won't be anything."

"*Albert!* Honestly, Grace didn't actually say anything right out, but I simply felt that she meant something. Now—ah—Albert, you've told me that you never were engaged before, and I know that, but—well, you *weren't*, were you?"

"I were not."

"Oh, Albert, I'm in earnest."

"So am I."

"And you never asked any one?"

"Certainly *not*."

"I might have known that. She'd have grabbed you, quick enough. If I don't give Grace Elliott a piece of my mind when she comes around here again."

"I wouldn't pay any attention to anything she says."

"I don't, but she has such a crawly, tantilising way of saying things about people she knows you like. Albert, do you ever see Fannie McClellan any more?"

"I just see her once in awhile and that's all."

"You are—friends at least?"

"I suppose so."

"You've never had a quarrel or anything like that?"

"No."

"Then I don't see why you shouldn't be friends. She's a sweet, lovely girl, and I know she was very fond of you, and may be yet, for all I know, and I think it would be awfully mean of you not to treat her just as beautifully as you could. I'm going to invite her to the wedding. Do you think she'll come?"

"I don't know, I'm sure."

"There's no reason why she shouldn't come?"

"None that I know of."

"Well, I'm going to invite her, and then—I want you to promise me something, Albert."

"I promise. What is it?"

"Well—after we're married I want you to promise to let me invite Fannie to come and call on us. I want to show her that you and I—both of us—like her just the same as if—well, as if nothing had ever happened."

"Maybe she wouldn't enjoy coming."

"Why not? You don't mean that she might be jealous? Why, you *conceited* thing!"

"It isn't that. You don't know her very well, do you?"

"But *you* do, and I want all of your friends to be my friends, and you know you've promised to like all of my friends."

"All right, then. We'll have Fannie to dinner as soon as we're settled."

"Do you mean it?"

"Of course."

"It will please her so much."

"Yes?"

(*Snuggling*) "And you're the kindest, best-hearted thing that ever lived."

THE JUDGE'S SON

THE JUDGE'S SON

Two men sat by one of the narrow south windows of the Freedom Hotel. They were tipped back in their straight wooden chairs and their feet rested against the scarred sill of the window.

One of the men was tall, with a tan-coloured moustache and a goatee. He wore a black slouch hat, which was pulled forward over one eye so that it gave him a suggestion of rural bravado. The other man was younger, hollow-cheeked, and with hair and beard of dead blackness. His light-coloured stiff hat seemed preposterously out of season, for a slow but steady sift of snow was coming down.

Both men wore clothes of careful cut, but the shape had gone from the garments. The elbows were shiny, the vest buttons were not uniform and the fronts were sadly spotted.

In the room with the two men were some fifty other men, marked by adversity, most of them holding with weakened pride to some chattel of better days.

As many as could find places at the windows sat and looked with fascinated idleness at the rushing

money-makers outside. Others put their backs to the dim light and read from scraps of newspapers. There was a smothering odour of pipe-smoke, which floated in vague ribbons above the clustering heads. Sometimes —but not often—the murmur of conversation was broken by laughter.

It is a good thing the Freedom Hotel calls itself a hotel, otherwise it would be a lodging-house. These men in the bare "office" were being sheltered at a weekly rate of $1.50, and each had a cubby-hole for a home—a mere shell of wood open at the top. The upper floors of the Freedom Hotel were subdivided into these tiny pens. Here the tired and discouraged men came crawling every night. From these boxes the frowsy and unrested men emerged every morning.

The wreckage on an ocean beach washes together as if by choice and the wrecks of a city mobilise of their own free will. The man who is down must find some one with whom he can rail at the undeserving prosperous.

The Freedom Hotel sheltered a community of equals, all worsted in the fight, some living on the crumbs of a happier period, some abjectly depending on the charity of friends and relatives, and some struggling along on small and unreliable pay.

There was a 400-page novel in every life there, but

the condensed stories of the two men at the window must suffice for the present.

The older, the one with the slouch hat—son of wealthy merchant in Indiana town—inherited money—married—learned to gamble—took up with Board of Trade—wife died—more reckless gambling—moved to Chicago—went broke—Freedom Hotel.

The younger, with black hair and beard—son of a judge in Western city—reared with great care by mother—sent to college—learned to drink—repeatedly forgiven by father through the intercession of the mother—mother died—father cast son from home—son in Chicago, employed in a collection agency—went on a drunk—Freedom Hotel.

The victim of gambling did most of the talking.

"They can't always keep me down, now, you can bet on that," he said, nervously combing his goatee with thumb and finger. "I wish I could have had about ten thousand last week. I'd have shown some of these fellows."

"If I had ten thousand I wouldn't chance a cent of it," said the other, his eyes twitching.

"Well, I'll beat the game yet, you see if I don't. I've got three or four fellows in this town to get even with—fellows that I spent my money on when I had it; fellows that could come to me and get fifty or a hun-

dred just for the askin' of it, and there ain't one of 'em to-day that'd turn over his finger to help me—not one of 'em. That's what you get when you're down, young man. If you want to find out who your friends are, just wait till you go broke."

"I know all about it," said the other. With a shaky hand he took the last cigarette from a package.

"I was thinkin' when I turned in to my bunk last night, 'Well, this is a devil of a place for a man that had a room at the Palmer House, when it was the talk of the whole country.' That was when I used to drive my own trotter and hire a man to take care of him. When I'd come to Chicago, the hotel clerks used to jump over the counter to shake hands with me. If I wanted a steak, I went to Billy Boyle's for it. If I was over on Clark Street and wanted a game, I could get a private roll. It was 'Phil' here and 'Phil' there, and nothin' too good for me. Do you think I could go to any one o' them to-day and get a dollar? A dollar! Not a cent—not a red cent. That's what you get when you're in hard luck."

"You can't tell me anything about it," said the other, in a restrained voice, for his lungs were filled with cigarette-smoke, which he was breathing slowly through his nostrils. "Didn't I go to college with fellows that live right here in this town, and don't they

pass me on the street every day or two without recognising me? Why, when I think that I came of a family that—ah, well, it's all right. Money talks here in Chicago, and if you haven't got money you're little better than a tramp."

"Well, I'll have it again and I'll make some of these fellows sorry they ever threw me down. I'll make 'em sweat. If I don't—" and he ran into profanity.

"Here's a telegram for you," said some one at his elbow.

It was the "clerk" of the Freedom—a short man with an indented nose, who went about in his shirt-sleeves.

"For me?" asked the speculator, in surprise.

"That's what it says here—Philip Sanderson. It come over from 136."

"That's right."

"I signed for it."

He tore open the envelope and read the message. It seemed that he gazed at it for a full minute without speaking or moving. Then he arose and hurried away. The judge's son rubbed his eyes and felt vainly for another cigarette.

"Your partner's gone," said the clerk that evening.

"Who—Sanderson?" asked the judge's son.

"Yes, this afternoon. He didn't have much packin'

to do. What do you think? An old aunt of his died down in Indiana and he told me he'd come in for about five thousand."

"Well, I'll swear," said the judge's son, "and he didn't leave any word?"

"Nope."

A week later the judge's son was walking in State Street.

The cold north wind was blowing.

His summer derby had to be held in place. The other hand was deep in his trousers' pocket.

His old sack-coat was tightly buttoned and the collar was turned up. The judge's son seemed to be limping in each foot, but it was not a limp. It was the slouch of utter dejection.

He was within thirty feet of the main entrance to the Palmer House when he saw a man come out.

The judge's son had to take a second look, to be sure of his own senses. Instead of the old and crumpled slouch there was a new broad-brimmed felt hat of much shapeliness. The winter overcoat was heavy chinchilla, with a velvet collar. Sanderson was smoking a long cigar. He had been shaved recently. His shoes were brightly polished. As he stood back in the sheltered doorway he worked his left hand into a blood-red glove.

The judge's son stood some fifteen feet away and hesitated. Then he slunk to the shelter of a column and spoke to his partner.

"Well, Sanderson, they seem to be coming pretty easy for you."

Sanderson looked at the speaker, squinting through the smoke.

He said nothing. His hand being well into the glove, he fastened the clasp at the wrist with a springy snap. With a satisfied lick he turned his cigar once over in his mouth. A flake of ash had fallen on the chinchilla coat. He brushed it off. Then he pushed through the swinging doors and went back into the hotel.

HOUSE IN MERCEDES STREET

HOUSE IN MERCEDES STREET

I am one of a large family. We stand in a row along Mercedes Street. When first I had any knowledge of myself I was a mere skeleton frame-work of scantling. There were six of us, just alike, and we were knee-deep in bright yellow lumber. All day long the workmen crawled over our ribs. I felt the rap-a-tap-tap as I became decently clad in weather-boarding and shingles. They shouldered the clean, sweet-smelling pine through every gaping door and window.

At last I was a completed house with the brass knobs glittering and the raw wood hidden under two glossy colours of paint.

The shavings and litter were carried away. Tufts of green grass began to show in the trampled front yard. To be sure I had a sort of damp feeling in my joints and was still untidy with the siftings of saw dust and the splatterings of paint and plastering, but I had the pride of knowing that I was as handsome as any other house in Mercedes Street.

Since then I have learned by eaves-dropping that Mercedes Street is supposed to be a shabby and uncounted thoroughfare and that our sextette is not in the fashion. One day a very gay little house, with scalloped decorations fastened to it, came along Mercedes Street on rollers and I remember it was very reluctant to take up with our society and had to be dragged a few feet at a time. Sometimes, by lifting myself and peeping, I can see the bulky shapes of large buildings far away. They are behind the clouds of smoke and I do not envy them their largeness. In fact I envy no other house, for contentment has come to me.

For a time I was inwardly troubled. The first blow to my pride came soon after the painters had given me the last finishing caress.

A man and a woman stopped in front of me and stared critically. The woman said, "Dear me!" in a tone of such disappointment that I felt a tremor in every rafter. They unlocked the front door and walked through the rooms, their foot-falls starting the hollow echoes, and the woman found fault with me. The man said they would have to take me, with all my imperfections.

The two were childless and out of luck, and they seemed to regard me as a place of exile, so how was

I to cheer them when they always wore a frown for me? I had hoped to be loved, but I was merely tolerated. Still, I was rather glad they came. I will admit that it felt good to get the carpets and rugs and shiny furniture and looped curtains, for a house, after being well furnished, has the same satisfaction that a man has after he has dined properly.

The inner warmth drove away the lingering chill and damp, and it was certainly pleasanter to glow with lamps than to stand lonesomely in the darkness.

Yet I was constantly saddened by the thought that those whom I held and sheltered and gathered under my warm plastering, even as a hen gathers her brood, did not think well of me.

The woman used to have an occasional caller, to whom she would apologise for my poor dimensions (think of it!), and she would say that the neighbourhood was unattractive. I will confess that I was indignant. Leaving my own merits out of the question, there is certainly no excuse for saying evil things of Mercedes Street. The men work for their money and the women love their children. And such children! I have seen the street white with them on a Sunday evening, for every little girl had a white dress and every boy a white waist. The men sat in the open air and smoked. The women called gayly from door-step to

door-step, and the children fluttered everywhere like sparrows. It has seemed to me on such a night, that I would rather be here in Mercedes Street than anywhere else.

When the unhappy couple moved out one day in early spring I did not care so much, although that night I had to stand in conspicuous gloom and feel the sweep of cold draughts. The woman said she hoped she would never see me again, but the man, as I believe, did not feel so unkindly toward me. The waggons disappeared down the street, but wherever they stopped, I don't believe that house will be a home for the man.

After my first family went away there followed a cheerless month. Company is company, even though it offend you. I had the feeling of being neglected when I saw the smoke curl from other chimneys and heard the children shouting at the houses across the way.

But one day—and I must always call it the best of days—a pudgy, red-faced little man stopped squarely in front of me and said, "Oho!"

I think all of my front panes must have crinkled back a smile at him, for I liked this little man.

Then there came into view a plump woman with two red spots on her cheeks and a little boy who had his

mother's cheeks and his father's wrinkly eyes, and two very small girls with braided hair, who hopped and skipped like springy little frogs.

"Is it the place, Henry?" asked the woman.

"Yes—see," he replied, pointing to my number.

"Isn't it fine? All this nice grass in front."

"But behind!" exclaimed Henry. "Ah, behind—for a garden—big—plenty of room!"

"Is this where we're going to live?" shouted the boy, dancing on the front stoop.

"Maybe—yes," replied the father, laughing. Then the boy laughed and the mother laughed and the two little girls laughed, and for the first time I wanted to laugh too, although it was utterly preposterous for a house to expect to laugh.

That day, within the hour, my self-respect came back and I fear I was almost as vain as I was on the day when the painters got through with me.

The laughing family said my rooms were the prettiest in the world, my closets the snuggest and my kitchen the tidiest. So I knew they were coming back, and they did come, with some of the queerest bales and chests and bundles that I had ever seen on a waggon in Mercedes Street. The furniture was new, but the bales and chests and bundles had come from the old country, and, being unpacked, they brought forth

strange dishes, cutlery, pictures, clothing, bedding and the like, all cumbersome and showing service, but mightily home-like.

Once more I felt my rafters warmed, and once more the light from my windows fell across the sidewalk where the young women and their sweethearts promenaded slowly each pleasant evening and held hands secretively.

The new family loved me! So, of course, I had to love the new family, because a real home always tries to multiply the affection brought into it.

Summer was coming. Now the open windows were filled with plants, and the grass spread over the front-yard, covering the bare spots. The whole family went gardening in the back-yard, and there was such shouting and laughing at work that all the work was like play.

I came to know the family secrets. In the old country the little man had been poor and the family lived in two rooms, and did not have meat oftener than once a week. They would tell of the old country sometimes, and when they sat down to eat the wife would say: "Oh, Henry, in the old country this would be a holiday feast."

What a stroke of fortune to be found by these people, who could delight in having a house of their own,

with a garden at the back and the vines beginning to climb in front!

No wonder I was proud. They said the best things about me, and wrote about me to their friends in the old country, and they even had me photographed. That day I squared up and looked my best, for I could not remember that any other house in Mercedes Street had been photographed.

Through fall and winter they kept me warmed with their simple goodness, and I was so grateful that on windy nights I would soothe the children to sleep. When the wind whistled at my eaves I would change the whistle to a crooning sound, which none but the children could understand, and which is never heard except where there are children to listen.

The three would lie in their beds and listen to the droning lullaby, and soon all three would go to sleep smiling. They thought it was the wind singing to them, but I did my part, for I am sure the song did not sound the same at any other house in Mercedes Street.

Spring and summer came again. The vines hung in showers of green around the front windows and the children sang in the street.

One morning I drowsed in greater happiness than

usual, for now there were four children instead of three.

Such bantering as they had! He said it was his and she said it was hers, and I longed to speak up and say it was mine also.

It is winter now. The fourth one sits strapped at the window and laughs at the children outside.

I believe I am the proudest house in Mercedes Street.

HICKEY BOY AND THE GRIP

HICKEY BOY AND THE GRIP

"Me with bunches of the grip," said the Hickey boy. "Me the livin' drug-store."

"But you have recovered sufficiently to smoke a cigarette."

"Gee! I need my student's lamp now and then, no matter how rocky I'm feelin', but it did look for a while as if I'd have to chop on these little paper things for fair. They had me in the feathers with many brands of dope shot into me."

"You were taken down on Tuesday, I believe."

"I was taken down and up and side couples cross over. I got it everywheres at the same minute. The gong sounded Monday afternoon. I shook hands with one of them microbe boys and then it was us mixin' it and I've been against the ropes ever since. Say, do you stand for that talk about some eight-legged little dingus gettin' into you and makin' all this grip? I see a piece about it in the Sunday paper with a picture of something that looked like a soft-shell crab—a kind of a nervous crab, reachin' in all directions. When

I went in to see Doc Tuesday morning, I says, 'Doc, have I got any of them boys travellin' beat in my system?' he says to me, 'You've probably got a million of 'em rummagin' around inside of you this minute!' 'Well,' I says, 'if that's the case, pick out the trimmins'. What chance have I got against a million o' them fellows? They'll have me gnawed out inside till I'm hollow as a drum.' Doc says, 'I'm goin' to kill 'em.' 'Well,' I says, 'you call 'em outside before you kill 'em. I don't want to be a walkin' morgue, with a million o' them grip umptaloriums laid out inside o' me.' Not on your leaf-lards. What is it you call 'em?"

"Germs."

"That's the name! I ought to remember that. All you've got to do is think of Germans. Doc give me a grand little talk about them germs. He was handin' me words that nobody ever heard before. He earned his dollar all right. You ought to have heard him givin' it to me about the mucous membranus and the broncho bazazas gettin' their wires crossed with the wollyollopis down in the gazalium. Ooh! Poor talk! Poor talk! When he got through tellin' me what I had and spread me from the case note, my only hope then was to get home before I croaked. I didn't want to fall over in the street and make trouble for any strangers. You ought to seen me. The lamps all

red an' a tongue that felt like a rug. I'm livin' at my sister's house, an' her, you know, wiser'n any doctor. Oh, easy! Out in the kitchen, cookin' up stuff for me. When she brought it in I looked it over an' says: 'No, not unless you hurry it into me when I'm asleep.' She says: 'You don't eat this. This is a poultice for your chest.' So me up against this stuff an' hollerin' plenty. I thought it was all off. 'Here,' I says, 'from now on we scratch the home doctorin'. I'll take the stuff that Doc give me an' let it go at that.' Could I stop her? Not for a minute. Think o' the handicap, too. Me laid out on the sofa an' her sneakin' on me every little while to get somethin' into me before I had a chance to make a fight. If I'd took all the stuff she fixed up for me—say, me feet first with three on a side! Easy. I had to talk right to her to keep her away, too. I says: 'I don't want to start nothin' in the Hickey family, but if you try to shoot any more poison into me I can see myself swingin' on you.' She says: 'Now, I'm tellin' you, this'll do you good.' 'You give it to your husband,' I says. 'You don't know but what them microbes live on this stuff you've fixed up here,' I says. 'I'm after 'em with Doc in my corner, and if you don't keep out o' the ring I may forget that you're my sister.' Well, that held her for a while."

"Did you have it bad?"

"I had it worse'n that. Monday afternoon I felt like I'd been run over by an ice-wagon three or four times. All the insides o' me wuz lumpy. I could'a' swore I'd swallowed a couple o' dumbbells and they'd settled in my back, an' the head was a lily. No eyes at all. Just a couple o' poached eggs, that's all. Me settin' around on my shoulder-blades lookin' like one o' these bamboo boys full o' hop. I couldn't see a thing to it. Monday night it was all in-fightin' with the blanket an' dodgin' things that come up over the foot-board. I'd get up and try to cool the block with a wet towel, an' then you'd see the steam comin' off of me. Then I'd fall over on the mattress an' ride in the merry-go-round for a while. I figured that I was booked for the crazy-house or the bone-orchard, I couldn't tell which. It was Tuesday mornin' that I see Doc an' he said nothin' ailed me except I had a zoo runnin' around inside o' me, so I bought everything they could spare at the corner drug store an' come home to set a few traps for these eight-legged fiends that had moved in on me. It was one kind every two hours and another every three hours an' then a few at night and a nice red-pepper plaster that'd help some. I don't think I was right in my nut from the minute I starts to go against all these allypozzacks in the blue boxerinos."

"I see—they gave you a sort of ringing in the ears."

"Oh—ow! I heard the fire-bells all night. Doc must have slipped me a few knock-out drops. They had me all covered up so as to sweat it out, they said. I didn't see how they could sweat out any o' these things that's got claws like a lobster. I must 'a' reduced seventeen pounds trying to make it too hot for them germs. When I did get to sleep I had a dream that was all right. It was a fine little dream an' it landed me cross-ways of the bed, tryin' to bite a hole in the pillow. Now listen! Here's the kind of a dream you have when the quinine an' the germs get together. Me a walkin' down the street, when I comes to one o' these gangs repairin' this block pavin,' understand? You've seen 'em where they put down them blocks and push the gravel in between an' then pour this hot tar over the whole thing. There was a copper standin' on the corner watchin' the gang work, an' when they see me everybody hollers an' comes at me on the run. I didn't know what was doin', but I put up a swell race for about seven miles, then me in the gravel an' about fourteen on top. Well, what do you think they done? This is just to show where the stuff put me. They drags me back an' chucks me into Mr. Big-iron-thing that they melt the tar in. Hot? Holy sufferin' mack-

erel! Me pushin' up the lid, you know, an' putting out the coco to get a little fresh air, an' the copper giving me an awful belt across the head every time an' sayin', 'G'wan, get back in there!' I'd duck back in and do my two or three minutes settin' up to my neck in this stuff, boilin' hot—understand? an' then up with the lid and take another wallop. Oh, I was havin' a lovely time. I guess I must have hollered, becuz the first thing I remember was the sister wras'lin' with me an' tellin' me to lay down an' keep quiet. I made a couple o' passes at her an' told her to give me a gallon o' water. She says: 'You seem to be a little feverish.' 'Oh, I don't know,' I says, all the time tryin' to crawl up on top o' the head-board. Oh, me up in the air! Say, if that's what them little grip things does to you, I'm glad they don't grow the size o' rabbits."

THE SET OF POE

THE SET OF POE

Mr. Waterby remarked to his wife: "I'm still tempted by that set of Poe. I saw it in the window to-day, marked down to fifteen dollars."

"Yes?" said Mrs. Waterby, with a sudden gasp of emotion, it seemed to him.

"Yes—I believe I'll have to get it."

"I wouldn't if I were you, Alfred," she said. "You have so many books now."

"I know I have, my dear, but I haven't any set of Poe, and that's what I've been wanting for a long time. This edition I was telling you about is beautifully gotten up."

"Oh, I wouldn't buy it, Alfred," she repeated, and there was a note of pleading earnestness in her voice. "It's so much money to spend for a few books."

"Well, I know, but—" and then he paused, for the lack of words to express his mortified surprise.

Mr. Waterby had tried to be an indulgent husband. He took a selfish pleasure in giving, and found it more blessed than receiving. Every salary day he turned over to Mrs. Waterby a fixed sum for household

expenses. He added to this an allowance for her spending money. He set aside a small amount for his personal expenses and deposited the remainder in the bank.

He flattered himself that he approximated the model husband.

Mr. Waterby had no costly habits and no prevailing appetite for anything expensive. Like every other man, he had one or two hobbies, and one of his particular hobbies was Edgar Allan Poe. He believed that Poe, of all American writers, was the one unmistakable "genius."

The word "genius" has been bandied around the country until it has come to be applied to a long-haired man out of work or a stout lady who writes poetry for the rural press. In the case of Poe, Mr. Waterby maintained that "genius" meant one who was not governed by the common mental processes, but "who spoke from inspiration, his mind involuntarily taking superhuman flight into the realm of pure imagination," or something of that sort. At any rate, Mr. Waterby liked Poe and he wanted a set of Poe. He allowed himself not more than one luxury a year, and he determined that this year the luxury should be a set of Poe.

Therefore, imagine the hurt to his feelings when his

wife objected to his expending fifteen dollars for that which he coveted above anything else in the world.

As he went to his work that day he reflected on Mrs. Waterby's conduct. Did she not have her allowance of spending money? Did he ever find fault with her extravagance? Was he an unreasonable husband in asking that he be allowed to spend this small sum for that which would give him many hours of pleasure, and which would belong to Mrs. Waterby as much as to him?

He told himself that many a husband would have bought the books without consulting his wife. But he (Waterby) had deferred to his wife in all matters touching family finances, and he said to himself, with a tincture of bitterness in his thoughts, that probably he had put himself into the attitude of a mere dependent.

For had she not forbidden him to buy a few books for himself? Well, no, she had not forbidden him, but it amounted to the same thing. She had declared that she was firmly opposed to the purchase of Poe.

Mr. Waterby wondered if it were possible that he was just beginning to know his wife. Was she a selfish woman at heart? Was she complacent and good-natured and kind only while she was having her own way? Wouldn't she prove to be an entirely dif-

ferent sort of woman if he should do as many husbands do—spend his income on clubs and cigars and private amusement, and gave her the pickings of small change?

Nothing in Mr. Waterby's whole experience as a married man had so wrenched his sensibilities and disturbed his faith as Mrs. Waterby's objection to the purchase of the set of Poe. There was but one way to account for it. She wanted all the money for herself, or else she wanted him to put it into the bank so that she could come into it after he—but this was too monstrous.

However, Mrs. Waterby's conduct helped to give strength to Mr. Waterby's meanest suspicions.

Two or three days after the first conversation she asked: "You didn't buy that set of Poe, did you, Alfred?"

"No, I didn't buy it," he answered, as coldly and with as much hauteur as possible.

He hoped to hear her say: "Well, why don't you go and get it? I'm sure that you want it, and I'd like to see you buy something for yourself once in a while."

That would have shown the spirit of a loving and unselfish wife.

But she merely said, "That's right; don't buy it," and he was utterly unhappy, for he realised that he

had married a woman who did not love him and who simply desired to use him as a pack-horse for all household burdens.

As soon as Mr. Waterby had learned the horrible truth about his wife he began to recall little episodes dating back years, and now he pieced them together to convince himself that he was a deeply wronged person.

Small at the time and almost unnoticed, they now accumulated to prove that Mrs. Waterby had no real anxiety for her husband's happiness. Also, Mr. Waterby began to observe her more closely, and he believed that he found new evidences of her unworthiness. For one thing, while he was in gloom over his discovery and harassed by doubts of what the future might reveal to him, she was content and even-tempered.

The holiday season approached and Mr. Waterby made a resolution. He decided that if she would not permit him to spend a little money on himself he would not buy the customary Christmas present for her.

"Selfishness is a game at which two can play," he said.

Furthermore, he determined that if she asked him for any extra money for Christmas he would say:

"I'm sorry, my dear, but I can't spare any. I am so hard up that I can't even afford to buy a few books I've been wanting a long time. Don't you remember that you told me that I couldn't afford to buy that set of Poe?"

Could anything be more biting as to sarcasm or more crushing as to logic?

He rehearsed this speech and had it all ready for her, and he pictured to himself her humiliation and surprise at discovering that he had some spirit after all and a considerable say-so whenever money was involved.

Unfortunately for his plan, she did not ask for any extra spending money, and so he had to rely on the other mode of punishment. He would withhold the expected Christmas present. In order that she might fully understand his purpose, he would give presents to both of the children.

It was a harsh measure, he admitted, but perhaps it would teach her to have some consideration for the wishes of others.

It must be said that Mr. Waterby was not wholly proud of his revenge when he arose on Christmas morning. He felt that he had accomplished his purpose, and he told himself that his motives had been good and pure, but still he was not satisfied with himself.

He went to the dining-room, and there on the table in front of his plate was a long paper box, containing ten books, each marked "Poe." It was the edition he had coveted.

"What's this?" he asked, winking slowly, for his mind could not grasp in one moment the fact of his awful shame.

"I should think you ought to know, Alfred," said Mrs. Waterby, flushed, and giggling like a schoolgirl.

"Oh, it was you——"

"My goodness, you've had me *so* frightened! That first day, when you spoke of buying them and I told you not to, I was just sure that you suspected something. I bought them a week before that."

"Yes—yes," said Mr. Waterby, feeling the salt-water in his eyes. At that moment he had the soul of a wretch being whipped at the stake.

"I was determined not to ask you for any money to pay for your own presents," Mrs. Waterby continued. "Do you know I had to save for you and the children out of my regular allowance. Why, last week I nearly starved you, and you never noticed it at all. I was afraid you would."

"No, I—didn't notice it," said Mr. Waterby, brokenly, for he was confused and giddy.

This self-sacrificing angel—and he had bought no Christmas present for her!

It was a fearful situation, and he lied his way out of it.

"How did you like *your* present?" he asked.

"Why, I haven't seen it yet," she said, looking across at him in surprise.

"You haven't? I told them to send it up yesterday."

The children were shouting and laughing over their gifts in the next room, and he felt it his duty to lie for their sake.

"Well, don't tell me what it is," interrupted Mrs. Waterby. "Wait until it comes."

"I'll go after it."

He did go after it, although he had to drag a jeweller away from his home on Christmas-day and have him open his great safe. The ring which he selected was beyond his means, it is true, but when a man has to buy back his self-respect, the price is never too high.

DUBLEY, '89

DUBLEY, '89

Mr. Dubley, '89, was flattered to receive an invitation to attend the annual dinner of the Beverly alumni and respond to the toast, "College Days." Mr. Dubley, class of '89, in his days pointed out as a real ornament to the campus, had allowed his interest in college matters to ooze away from him. He had been in Chicago three years and had not attended an annual dinner, but now, being invited to speak, he felt it his duty to step in and accept the honour.

See Mr. Dubley in his room at night—writing, writing. He was writing about "College Days"—but he erased much more than he wrote. When he had completed a sentence he would read it aloud to make sure that it had the swing and cadence so pleasing to the ear.

One week before the dinner and Mr. Dubley's speech regarding "College Days" was a finished thing. It had been typewritten, with broad spaces, and there were parenthetical reminders such as: (Pause), (full breath), (gesture with right hand), etc. Mr. Dubley had witnessed the pitiable flunks resulting from a state of unpreparedness, and he was not going to rely upon

momentary inspiration. He was going to rehearse every part of his speech, and when he arose to respond to the toast "College Days" that speech would be a part of his mental fibre.

If Mr. Dubley talked mutteringly as he hid behind his newspaper on the elevated train or made strange gestures as he hurried along Dearborn Street, it was not to be inferred that Mr. Dubley had lost his mind. He was practising—that is all.

The speech:

"Mr. President and Gentlemen: The toastmaster has told you that I am to speak of 'College Days,' a subject that must arouse the tenderest and sweetest memories in the bosom of every one here. When I look about me and see all these faces beaming with good-fellowship and fraternal love, I realise that there are no ties as lasting as those that we form in the bright days of our youth, within the college halls. No matter what experiences may befall us after we have gone out into the world, we can always look back with pleasure on the days that we spent in college.

" 'You may break, you may shatter, the vase if you will,
But the scent of the roses will cling 'round it still.'

"I sometimes think that in the rush and hurry of business life, here in this great metropolis, we make a

serious mistake in neglecting to keep up the friendships formed in college. I tell you, fellow-alumni, we ought to extend a helping hand to every man who comes to this city from old Beverly. Let us keep alive the holy torch ignited at the altar of youthful loyalty.

"The enthusiasm manifested here this evening proves that you indorse what I have just said. I know that your hearts beat true to our dear alma mater; that other institutions, larger and more pretentious, perhaps, can never hold the same place in your affections.

"Oh, that we might again gather on the campus in the same company that was once so dear to us, there to sing the old college songs, to feel the hand-clasp of our college mates, and listen to the sweet chiming of the chapel bell. These are memories to be treasured. In the years to come we shall find that they are the brightest pages in life's history.

"Gentlemen, I have no wish to tire you. There are other speakers to follow me. In conclusion I merely wish to relate a little anecdote which is suggested to me by the opening remarks of our worthy toastmaster. It seems there was an Irishman who had been in this country but a few days, and he was looking for work, so he said to himself one morning: 'Begob, Oi think Oi'll go down be the dock to see if I can't be afther

gettin' a job unloadin' a ship.' So he went down to the dock, but couldn't get any work. While he was standing there looking down into the water, a man in a diving-suit came up through the waves and climbed up on the dock. Pat looked at him in great surprise and said: 'Begob, if Oi'd known where to get a suit loike that, I'd have walked over mesilf.' "

During the gale of laughter which was to follow this story, Mr. Dubley would sit down.

Now, in order that he might not become confused as to the order of his paragraphs and to guard against the remote possibility of his forgetting some part of the address, Mr. Dubley had the opening words of each paragraph jotted down on a card, to which he might refer if necessary:

The president has told, etc.

I sometimes think, etc.

The enthusiasm manifested, etc.

Oh, that we might, etc.

Gentlemen, I have no wish, etc.

The annual dinner of the Beverly alumni was an unqualified success.

Three tables were filled. Two of these were long tables joining a short transverse table, at which sat the chairman and the speakers. Dubley, '89, was at this head table.

Dinner came on with a great clatter. The mandolin orchestra played "coon" songs and the young men bellowed the choruses. An ex-star of the football team was carried thrice round the table on the billowing shoulders of his friends, who chanted and rah-rahed and stepped high.

Mr. Dubley, '89, who was dieting and abstaining, in order that he might be in good voice and have possession of his faculties when the critical moment came, began to suspect that the assemblage was in no mood to give serious attention to the memories of college days. His fellow-alumni sat low in their chairs, with their white fronts very convex, and pounded the tables rhythmically, causing the small coffee-cups to jump and jingle.

Cigars succeeded cigarettes. A blue fog obscured the far end of the double perspective of long tables, and the hurrah was unabated.

The chairman pounded on the table.

"I am glad," he shouted, "to see such a large and disorderly mob here this evening. (*Cheers.*) I understand that Mr. Dubley of the class of '89 has something to say to you, and I will now call on him."

And Mr. Dubley arose. The clamorous applause helped to encourage him. He took a drink of water.

A voice: "What is the gentleman's name, please?"

The chairman: "Dubley—this is Mr. Dubley of the class of '89."

A voice: "Never heard of him before." (*Laughter.*)

Dubley: "Mr. President and gentlemen."

A voice: "'Mr. President *and* gentlemen'?"

Another voice: "Yes—why this distinction?"

Dubley (*Smiling feebly*): "Of course—you understand—when I say 'Mr. President and gentlemen' I don't mean to insinuate that the president is not a gentleman. I think he is a gentleman."

A voice: "You *think* he is?"

Dubley: "The toastmaster has told you that I am to speak of 'College Days'."

A voice: "I didn't hear him."

Dubley: "Well, he—ah—should have announced that as the subject of my toast. (*Cries of "All right," "Go ahead," "Make good."*)—'College Days', a subject that must arouse the tenderest and sweetest memories in the bosom of every one here." (*Applause.*)

A voice: "Say, this fellow's eloquent." (*Laughter.*)

Dubley: "Tenderest and sweetest memories in the bosom of every one here."

A voice: "No encores."

Another voice: "You said that once."

Dubley: "Pardon me; I—ah——"

A voice: "Go ahead! you're all right—maybe."

Dubley: "When I look around me and see all these faces beaming with good-fellowship and fraternal love I——"

Grand chorus: "Ah-h-h-h-h!"

Dubley: "I say, when I look around——"

A voice: "That's twice you've looked around."

Dubley: "I realise that there are no ties as lasting as those that we form in the bright days of our youth within the college halls. (*Cries of "Good boy" and "Right you are, old rox."*) No matter what experiences may befall us——"

Distant voice: "Mr. Toastmaster! Mr. Toastmaster!"

Chairman: "Well, what is it?"

Distant voice: "There are several of us down at this end of the table who did not catch the gentleman's name. He is making a good speech, and we want to know who he is—let go of my coat!"

The Chairman: "Gentlemen, I will announce for the third time that the speaker who now has the floor is Mr. Harold Dubley of the class of '89, sometimes known as the boy orator of Danville."

A voice: "Harold's such a sweet name."

The Chairman: "I may add that Mr. Dubley has prepared his speech with great care and I hope you'll give him your quiet attention." (*Cries of "All right!" and "Let 'er go!"*)

Dubley (*hesitatingly*):

" 'You may break, you may shatter, the vase if you will,
But the scent of the roses will cling round it still.'

A voice: "Oh, Lizzie!" (*Prolonged howls.*)

Dubley: "I sometimes think——"

A voice: "You don't look it." (*Renewed laughter.*)

Dubley: "I say, I sometimes think——"

A voice: "Did anybody else ever say it?"

Dubley: "—that in the rush and hurry of business life here in the great metropolis we make a serious mistake in neglecting to keep up the friendships formed in college. (*Indian yell. Some one throws a stalk of celery at Dubley.*) Ah—let us keep alive the holy torch ignited at the altar of youthful loyalty."

A voice: "Mr. Toastmaster!"

The Chairman: "What is it?"

A voice: "I propose three cheers for the holy torch." (*Tremendous cheering and laughter.*)

Dubley: "The enthusiasm manifested here this

evening proves that you indorse what I have just said."

A voice: "You haven't said anything yet." (*Cries of "Order!" and "Give him a chance."*)

Dubley: "I know that your hearts—I know that your hearts——"

One of the rioters (*arising*): "Mr. Toastmaster, I move you that Mr. Jubley or Gubley or whatever his name is, be directed to omit all anatomical references. He should remember that there are gentlemen present."

The Chairman: "I have every confidence in Mr. Dubley's sense of propriety and must ask him to continue."

Dubley (*hesitating and referring to his card*): "Oh—Oh that we might—might again gather on the campus——"

A voice: "Wouldn't that be nice?"

Dubley: "—in the same company that was once so dear to us, there to sing the old college songs, to——"

A voice: "Mr. Toastmaster!"

The Chairman: "What is it?"

The voice: "I suggest that Mr. Bubley sing one of those college songs to which he refers with so much feeling."

The Chairman: "Again I will inform the company that the speaker's name is not Bubley, but Dubley."

A voice: "With the accent on the 'Dub'."

The Chairman: "Mr. Dubley has promised to sing a song if you will permit him to finish his speech." (*Cries of "All right!" "Go ahead."*)

Dubley (*Once more referring to his card*): "Gentlemen, I have no wish to tire you. (*Cries of "Hear! hear!"*) There are other speakers——"

A voice: "You *bet* there are!"

Dubley: "Er—in conclusion, I merely wish to relate a little anecdote (*Cries of "Ah-h-h-h!"*) which is suggested to me by the opening remarks of our worthy toastmaster. (*Laughter.*) It seems there was an Irishman (*Groans*) who had been in this country but a few days and he was looking for work." (*Loud laughter.*)

The Chairman: "I will have to ask the gentlemen to come to order. Mr. Dubley hasn't finished his story yet."

Dubley: "As I say, this Irishman was looking for work, so he said to himself one morning, 'Begob, Oi think Oi'll go down be the dock to see if I can't be after getting a job un——"

A voice: " 'ster Toastmaster!"

The Chairman: "What is it?"

The voice: "A point of order."

The Chairman: "State your point."

The voice: "The gentleman is telling an Irish story with a Swedish dialect."

The Chairman: "The point is well taken. If Mr. Dubley wishes to go ahead with his anecdote, he will please use an Irish dialect."

"Dubley (*On the verge of collapse*): "Well, Mr. Toastmaster, the story's nearly over. (*Cries of "Hooray!"*) All there was to it is that while the Irishman was at the dock he saw a diver in a diving-suit come up out of the water and he thought, of course—I should have told you that this Irishman had lately come over from the old country—then—well—he saw the diver and he thought the diver had walked over from Ireland, so he said——" (*General uproar, during which Dubley dodges a French roll. Some one pulls him into a chair.*)

Dubley: "But I hadn't finished my story."

The man next to him: "Yes, you had."

Although the toastmaster referred to Mr. Dubley's speech in very complimentary terms, Dubley will always have his doubts.

THE MONEY PRESENT

THE MONEY PRESENT

Bless the little ones! We must remember them at Christmas, and what could be more appropriate to the glad season than a small money deposit in some reliable bank.

We are a business people. We admit it. Why not give our children a long, running start toward a business education?

The Noah's Ark animals became scattered and splintered. The drums are punctured and the cast-iron fire engine goes into the scrap-heap before May 1st, but the money in the bank endures as a permanent asset.

Candy sometimes causes stomach-ache and the nuts of commerce contain such a large percentage of oil that a small child having partaken too freely becomes oleaginous, and complains of twinges in the digestive regions. Even books lose their value after a first reading and are pushed away and neglected.

But the money in the bank never plays out. It is right there, ready to be borrowed by papa if he chances to run short and overdraw his own account.

And there is no hurry about returning it, because the money is always deposited on condition that it cannot be withdrawn until the child is twenty-one.

Picture: It is the cold grey of Christmas morning. The youngster has slept uneasily and has seen Santa Claus, with smoky breath and frosty coat, peeking into his room. In his fitful naps he has reviewed a procession of red sleds and stood under a festoon of steel skates, tempered to a handsome blue.

At last his eyelids part reluctantly and the first light of morning is squared out at the window. His heart gives a few thumps and he squirms among the warm covers, shaking off his drowsiness and hoping hard that there will be something in the stocking.

This is Christmas morning at last! He has been counting the mornings, "Seven more until Christmas," and then "Six more until Christmas" and so on until it is not even one more morning until Christmas, for the day and the morning have come. He wonders if the skates are there. He is impatient to find out, and yet almost afraid to slip out in the cool ghostly silence and investigate. Not that he is afraid of the shadows and the stillness, but he is faltering at this last moment and wondering if his very politic remarks in regard to skates, a steam engine and plenty of candy were taken seriously.

He cannot lie there and struggle with uncertainty. His two bare feet strike the rug simultaneously and he patters swiftly to the front room.

There hangs the stocking—limp and empty. The hot tears blind his eyes and he has a smothery feeling at the throat. With a despairing sniffle he seizes the stocking and—what is this? There is something inside, after all.

Hope rises faintly within him. He draws out a little hand-book and sees on the first page, in a firm business hand, the entry, "Cash, $5."

Oh, what a sweep of joy engulfs the young soul at that moment! He has not been forgotten by good old Santy! No indeed! He has five dollars locked up in the bank.

Although he will be unable to get at the money, the knowledge that it is in the custody of a responsible corporation and can be withdrawn in fifteen years, should be sufficient to warm the imagination of any child and set the carols to singing in his heart.

With what ecstacy he scampers away to tell papa and mamma of his great good fortune. He waves the bank-book above his head and his gleeful shouts break the dull silence of dawn. What cares he now for skates, picture-books, nuts or candy?

"Oh, look, papa!" he exclaims. "See! I have five

dollars deposited to my credit with the savings department of the Herculanæum Bank and Fundamental Reserve Trust Company! Am I not to be congratulated?"

Witness, also, the glad scene after breakfast.

Papa has taken little Robbie on his lap and together they are figuring out the compound interest on $5 for a period of fifteen years, at 4 per cent. per annum.

How the little one's eyes sparkle with understanding as he studies the long row of figures and realises that within the next twelve months his deposit will earn twenty cents interest.

While he is at school, striving to improve his mind, and while he is playing with his youthful companions, perhaps forgetting his deposit in the excitement of the moment, his money will be increasing at the rate of one and two-thirds cents a month.

What a child needs is a bank account. When a boy is six years old it is time that he be made to grapple with the sombre responsibilities of commercialism. If he weeps and does not seem to feel the advantage of having five dollars secreted in a bank, explain to him the beauties of business economy and load him down with maxims.

What a Christmas we could have if parents would

refrain from giving their children boxes of candy, sacks of nuts, fairy tales, winking dolls, sets of dishes, games, building blocks, mechanical toys, jumping jacks and such fripperies, and, instead, gave each child a hand-written certificate of deposit! Santa Claus should wear side-whiskers and a tall hat and carry a burglar-proof safe in the back of his sleigh.

The Christmas decoration should be the word "Utility," worked out in evergreen and in addition to a $5 deposit, every blessed cherub should receive a jumper suit of underwear and a pair of mittens.

BEST OF THE FARLEYS

John Farley has worked hard, taken the cheerful view of life, smoked a large amount of tobacco, "got drunk" occasionally and saved enough money to pay for a little house in Pitkin Street. He stands well with the foreman and is a favourite at the corner bar, for he is a wit and a commentator. He is prosperous, according to the division of wealth in Pitkin Street—prosperous and proud. His pride is Rosie.

She was born at the Pitkin Street house, and in her childhood she ranged through the alleys and lumber by-ways that led to the river. Mrs. Farley allowed the children to run wild until they were old enough to be sent to the big public school. Rosie used to wear a patched slip of dingy material. The wisp of disordered hair was caught up with a black string. She had the usual affinity for dirt. Her mother never kept her in hand. Her father joked with her and told her Irish goblin stories and was a good playmate, but he never took himself seriously as a parent. She never had any home "training." Certainly she was never "reared."

So why did she pick up into a neat and careful Miss who read books that were new to Pitkin Street? After she finished at the grammar school she was a saleslgirl, and then she took up short-hand. She bought her own clothing and had a bank-book.

At twenty she was the only member of the family who had ready money when Tommy, caught up for beating a man with a billiard-cue, had to pay a fine of twenty-five dollars or go to the bridewell. Rosie went to the station and paid the fine. Mrs. Farley wept before, during, and after the trial, protesting that it was the shame of her life that her son should be "in prison." John Farley was gloomily disgraced by the affair and told Tommy that he would have to pay his sister every cent. He has not paid it as yet.

Tommy had grown up in Pitkin Street, as Rosie had. The two attended the same school and were allowed an equal start, such as it was. Tommy, at twenty-seven, is a slouching ruffian who stands at the corner with other members of the "Terry gang," drinks as often as he can, and works as seldom as possible. Rosie, at twenty-four, is a delectable creature, who knows what clothes to wear and how to carry herself. She earns a salary of $15 a week as a stenographer, is prized by her employers, pointed out

by all of Pitkin Street, and especially respected and held in awe by John Farley and his wife. All the wayward young girls of Pitkin Street who steal out of evenings to join the rowdy young men are told to observe Rosie Farley, who never does such things. Rosie sets the styles for the street—no flaunting white feathers and gay ribbons, but the trimmest of cloth suits in winter and shirt-waist effects in summer. The over-grown boys who went to school with her touch their hats uneasily when she passes and comment in whispers. That is all. They simply admire her at a distance.

To John Farley it is an unending surprise that he is the father of the wonderful Rosie. She is the ruler of the household and has been ever since a certain Saturday night in June.

John Farley seldom drank too much except on Saturday night, when it was his habit to come home in an excited and confused state of mind and make long speeches to Mrs. Farley, who would weep. The woman was emotional by nature. She loved strange funerals and death-bed stories and family griefs.

When John Farley was in drink he would declaim of his wife's unworthiness, of her improvidence, of her neglect of household duties. The more she moaned and sobbed and lamented the fact of her birth

the more sweeping and eloquent was his attack. Her demonstrative grief seemed to act as a stimulant to his invective. These occasional Saturday night scenes had been enacted ever since Rosie could remember. As a little girl she had lain in bed, trembling at the sounds and feeling a secret shame that she had been born to such parents. Later she had endured the squalls with saintly forbearance. Later still, she wearied of them. She began to understand that her father's Saturday night attack and her mother's responsive weeping made up a kind of ceremonial which had no serious import and was observed solely because it had attained the dignity of a custom.

Her father never quarrelled except after drinking. It seemed that when he came to a certain period of intoxication he had the impulse to go home and deliver the set oration to his wife. Her sufferings were terrible on Saturday evening. On Sunday morning she would be placid and cheerful again.

On the Saturday evening which marked the change of administration, young Mr. Carroll, son of the contractor, had called to see Rosie. They were sitting on the front stoop when John Farley came home through the front gate and went around to the side-door of the house. He walked with his feet far apart and was staring straight ahead with a filmy and un-

observant gaze. He was very erect, also, as a man should be when he is quite sober.

Rosie was prepared for what began in the kitchen. John started in on his familiar and highly coloured speech depicting the woes of the honest working-man who is married to a lazy and wasteful slattern. The doors and windows were open. This oration threatened to permeate the block.

"Please go home, Mr. Carroll," said Rosie, "I am needed in the house."

Mrs. Farley was sitting beside the kitchen-table, with her apron rolled into a handkerchief. She was rocking sidewise and wailing mechanically, and there was a rivulet of tears on each cheek.

John Farley was pacing between the table and the stove, making broad and slashing gestures to accompany his fluent vituperation.

"What if I do go and take a drink?" he demanded. "What objection should you have, you poor, mis'able creature? I have me rights and me liberties, which not you or anny one else can deprive me of. Now mind you that! I might as well let me money go for drink as have it thrown away by the likes of you. I'm an industhrus, hard-workin' man six days in the week an'——"

"Father! Stop that!"

John Farley stopped short, with his hand up, and looked in bleary surprise at Rosie, who stood in the doorway, her lips closed tightly and her eyes squinted with determination.

"Rosie, I've put up with that woman for years an' y'know that as well——"

"Hush! I don't want to hear another word out of you. Let me tell you something. Unless you and mother stop this nonsense, I'm going to leave this house and never come back."

"Oh, Rosie, poor soul, if you on'y knew—" faltered Mrs. Farley.

"I know that you are a fool, that's what I know for one thing, mother. Why do you pay any attention to him when he comes home in this condition and begins this silly talk. I've heard it for years and I'm thoroughly tired of it. Hereafter, father, you do all of your talking at the saloon and then come home and go to bed."

John Farley smacked his lips and tried to put himself into an attitude of authority.

"Rosie, you mustn't int'fere," he said, and he made a short gesture as of brushing something aside.

"Father!"—he jumped when she said it. "Right through this door and to your room! And not another word out of you to-night."

I'll do it as favour to you, Rosie," he said, teetering slightly as he turned to make for the door. "I'll do it for you, but I want't unde'stood I——"

"Very well, we will discuss that part of it in the morning."

Then she turned to her mother, whose grief had settled down to a low, bubbling tremolo with equi-distant gusty sighs that seemed to lift the good woman from the chair.

"He's abused me—this way—time after time, until —I just think sometimes—I can't stand it any longer," said Mrs. Farley, through the folds of her damp apron.

"Stop that sniffling!" commanded Rosie. "Don't you know that you encourage him to carry on that way? You ought to know it by this time. I think this house needs a manager."

So from that evening Rosie became manager and there was a reform administration. The Saturday-night outbreaks ceased. Rosie changed the marketing-list and taught her father to eat new kinds of food. She bought her mother's dresses and made Mrs. Farley presentable in spite of herself. It was Rosie who pitched out the chromos and the jig-saw brackets and the yellow-plush sofa and brought in rugs and water-colours. Rosie took charge of her father's tin

box and directed the payments to the building and loan association. It was Rosie who had the house painted.

The climax of the revolution came when Rosie announced that Tommy would be expected to pay board if he remained at home. He could get work at the mantel factory, and Rosie told him that $3.50 a week would be a great help in the financing of the household. Tommy was much aggrieved at the demand, and his mother rather sympathised with him. She told Rosie not to be too hard on a "slip of a boy." But the "slip of a boy" was past twenty-five when Rosie gave him the stern alternative of earning his living or starving to death. So Tommy is working intermittently, much against his will.

On Saturday night, when John Farley gets the customary glass too much, he does not go home to lacerate the humid sensibilities of Mrs. Farley. When he feels his vocal strength demanding an outlet and he knows that he must gesticulate in order to relieve himself, he gives the company in the Bridgeport Buffet a serious speech on the subject of Rosie, most wondrous of her sex.

MR. WIMBERLEY'S TROUSERS

MR. WIMBERLEY'S TROUSERS

Mr. Wimberley wanted to turn up his trousers at the bottom, but he was afraid. Afraid of what? Of ridicule, contumely, the unmoving finger of scorn.

The common, conservative public, which has its clothes cut by machine-pattern, and which moves as slowly as a glacier toward any change of fashion, seems to have an unusually spiteful grudge against the young man who reefs his trousers.

Is it because the sartorial fancy claims British origin? Is the protest inspired by a too-rampant Americanism? Does the Irish vote influence public sentiment? Does it?

Or do most of our hard-headed fellow-citizens resent the little whimsies and caprices which are intended to prove that some of us are more jaunty than others?

Every one will admit that on a dry day there is no first-class reason why a man should be compelled to take a turn in his trousers. He turns up his trousers because he wants them up, and in so doing he signals his defiance to the paragrapher and the private hu-

mourist. Could any small action suggest a higher degree of moral courage?

Why persecute the man? Even if the turning-up is a mere fad, an eccentricity intended to help out the effect of carelessness—a studied attempt at negligence, as it were—is it not true that many details of fashion which have become hallowed by usage are just as superfluous when studied from the cold stand-point of utility?

Of what especial value are the buttons on the back of a coat? What is the sense of putting a flap on the side of a coat when there is no pocket to be covered and protected by the flap? By what argument can it be shown that one notch in the lapel of a coat is better than two notches or no notch at all? Is it urged that buttons, flaps, and notches have a decorative value? Very well, Mr. Wimberley believed that the reef had its value.

There is no absolute standard of taste in the matter of attire. We can admire any shape of hat or any cut of waistcoat to which we may have become accustomed, although twenty years later we will see these hats and waistcoats in group photographs and laugh at their hideousness.

He who follows the correct mode is safe for the present at least. At any rate, he should be.

Along these lines Mr. Wimberley had reasoned to himself, with the result that he felt justified in wearing his trousers turned up. He observed that a majority of his acquaintances who had either wealth or a country-club standing wore their trousers broadly folded upward from the somewhat English shoes.

He could not tell why it was so but he had noticed that when a man in summer regalia, with soft shirt, golf hat, pig-skin belt, and roomy flannels—when a man thus clad gave the careless turn to the bottom of each trouser's leg, he was immediately transformed from the conventional to the rakishly unconventional and seemed to wear a new mark of exclusiveness. One stroke is always needed to change the mechanic's product into a work of art, or the dressed man into the dressy.

As we have said, Mr. Wimberley had come to a gropeful understanding of the tremendous significance of the turned-up trouser, but he was afraid.

He knew of twenty acquaintances who would ask, "Hello, is it raining in London?" This has been counted a good joke since 1880. Admitting that the question betrays the mental bankruptcy of the person who asks it, there is no gainsaying the fact that it is a disconcerting question and one not easily answered.

In Mr. Wimberley's room there was a mirror swung

on top of a dresser. By facing this mirror toward the floor, Mr. Wimberley could stand about twelve feet from the dresser and study his own leg effects.

He would move into the focus and look at the trousers lying limp on the shoes. Picture—very bad. No individuality, no differentiation.

Then he would turn them up. Result: A pleasing transformation. Whole attire much smarter and more definitely set—shoe more shapely—legs not so spidery —an indefinable suggestion of the athletic. He would walk around the room, approaching the mirror suddenly from different angles in order to get quick impressions and see himself as others would see him when he moved along the boulevard with heavy, energetic strides, the body tilted slightly forward.

After coming upon himself several times and being most pleasantly surprised in each instance, he would start to leave the room.

With his hand on the knob of the door he would hesitate for a moment or two, standing still, faint, nerveless, and undetermined. Then he would stoop over and unreef his trousers and go out into the bright street, with something of a loathing for himself.

What a weakling he was! Why could he not stalk forth and wear the cool indifference which he had admired in others? Were not the people who sat on the

terraced stairways of the boarding-houses far beneath his contempt?

Could he afford to restrain his raiment or cramp his manners in order to earn the silent approbation of a street full of nobodies, who wore speckled cravats, needle-point shoes, barbarous white hats which were black on the under side (like toad-stools), and who were supposed to use bay rum in quantities?

No, by George!

One day Mr. Wimberley walked into the street with his trousers turned up. It was a satisfactory June day, dry and clear, with no clouds overhead save those that tumbled from the stacks and chimneys.

Mr. Wimberley passed two young fellows standing at the drug-store corner. They were the kind that wear soft hats pulled down to their eyebrows and use both belt and suspenders.

One of them gave a chirping sound, in imitation of a bird, and said, "Meet me at the links, Harold."

Mr. Wimberley flushed, but he was somewhat gratified, withal. So he *did* resemble a golf-player, did he?

Two girls sat on a front stoop at one of the wedged-in boarding-houses. They were sharp-eyed, thin-nosed, canary-looking girls, and they were chewing gum.

"Say, Pearl, I guess we're goin' to have rain," said one of them.

"Yes, it looks like it," said the other, and the two cackled at their own audacity.

"A very low order of young woman," thought Mr. Wimberley, gazing straight ahead.

He wondered what their kind of a man would be. Possibly a pink-shirted scoundrel with ringlets—one who used musk and had gold fillings. Heavens!

"Hello, Wimberley, is it raining in London?"

Aha! He had been expecting it. He turned and saw Carrington, a most objectionable person whose only excuse for being lay in the diminished glory of having ridden a certain number of "centuries" on a bicycle.

"Carrington, do you know why I wear my trousers turned up at the bottom?" asked Mr. Wimberley, for he had prepared a little speech which was to put the quietus on impertinent comics.

"No, I must say I don't," replied the century rider.

"I wear them that way because you don't. I want to be as much unlike you as possible."

And he hurried on, while the dart was still quivering.

It may not be necessary to tell that when Mr. Wimberley arrived at his place of employment his fellow-slaves made remarks intended to be directly or indirectly critical.

One man of abnormal originality asked, "How's the Prince?" and another, with a confessed genius for doing clever things, whistled "Rule Britannia."

But Mr. Wimberley had nerved himself in anticipation of these gibes. He was in good form and he could afford to smile in pitying contempt.

When he went out for lunch his trousers were still turned up. It seemed that he had won the day. Napoleon had a glimpse of victory at Waterloo. That was before Blucher came up.

While on his way to the lunch-place he almost bumped into his Uncle Samuel, who owns a tile-yard at Messowee.

"Why, Georgie, is it you?" asked Uncle Sam, holding his right hand in a grip and squeezing his arm, so as to be doubly cordial. "You're lookin' first-rate. Gittin' to be quite a dude, too."

His good-natured scrutiny passed downward. He saw the turned-up trousers and regarded them with friendly interest.

"Pants too long?" he inquired, softly.

"Yes—I—ah—er——"

"Mine's usually that way. I have the man chop 'em off."

"Maybe these won't be too long," said Mr. Wimberley, with a frightened smile.

He stooped over and turned them down. At that moment he gave up for all time his hope of being a swell and a hero.

THE FORMER KATHRYN

"Who—the girl that used to be at this counter?" she repeated, with a puckery smile and a glance of suspicion. "Did you know her? Huh? Oh—you jast *saw* her here once or twice. I thought mebbe from the way you spoke you was a friend of hers. I might have known you *wasn't*, though—by the looks. She had the squiggiest lot of gentlemen friends I ever want to see. Yes, I mean the same one that you do—the red-headed one. She had two or three names. We called her 'Sorrel-top' here. How did you happen to remember her? By the hair, I s'pose. My, that *hair!* It was bad enough to begin with, and then the way she kept it done up! I think she must have put glue or something else on it to make it stand the way it did. She was a peculiar girl—a *very* peculiar girl. Some people around here said she was a little—well, not exactly *cracked*, but I guess she had a case of the Willies, all right. She had a very strange nature. Yes, indeed. And a *nerve!* Gracious me! The way she'd get acquainted with gentlemen-customers was a caution. I used to tell her that I'd give a good deal

for her nerve. Did she ever tell you her name? It's a wonder. I guess you never encouraged her much or she'd 'a' told you, all right. She used to tell everybody. Her name was Katie Gailey. I'll bet you can't guess what she's doin' now. Learnin' to be a manicure. Wouldn't that jolt you, though? If you'd see her on the street now, I don't s'pose you'd know her. She wears one of these long coats an' eye-glasses. She's a sight! And the way she throws it on. It's funny to me. It *is* funny to me, knowin' the family as I do. We went to the Jefferson school together. She was an awful dumb scholar, too. Her father drove a bread-wagon an' they say he drank. Sakes alive, if you could 'a' heard her talk about her pa-pah after she come down here to work, you'd 'a' thought he was the president o' something. It's funny, ain't it, how people change sometimes when they get away from home. Humph! When I knew her she was Katie, but when she got to workin' over here, she called herself Kathryn, y—n, mind you! I hear she wanted to be an actress. She'd make a swell actress, I don't think. She was *very* unpopular here, on account of her deceitful nature. She wouldn't have lasted as long as she did if it hadn't been for Mr. Root, the floor-walker. I think he was kind o' stuck on her, myself. It was two of a kind, becuz he was just as soft as mush.

Katie used to roll her eyes up and smile at him when he walked past, and he'd grin back at her, and honest, Miss Ducey an' me used to stuff our handkerchiefs in our mouths to keep from squawkin' right out. You bet any time I have to make funny eyes at a bald-headed floor-walker to hold my job—*well!* You ought to seen her after Mr. McKay was put into this aisle. She couldn't roll her eyes at him! Mr. McKay is *very* strict. The first day he come right down this aisle here an' she was leanin' back, chewin' her pencil an' tryin' to flag one o' them boys over in the glove department, an' Mr. McKay snapped his fingers an' said, 'Miss Gailey, attend to the customers, please,' just like that. I thought Miss Ducey was goin' to have a fit. Katie was so mad all afternoon, you could just see the sparks comin' out o' that red hair. I guess that boy's got your change an' gone fishin' with it. You'd better take off your muffler or you'll ketch cold when you go out. That's a lovely muffler.

"You know me and Katie haven't spoke since she left here. She claims I had something to do with gettin' her fired. You have no idea the spiteful temper of that girl. I s'pose that's on account of her red hair. I've heard that red-haired people all have very high tempers. *My,* if she didn't have a grouch the last day she was here! She just the same as insulted

a number of customers that day—yes, indeed. That was the day she accused me of havin' her fired. I said to her, 'Katie Gailey, you've got nobody but yourself to blame—blabbin' about everybody that ever worked with you.' She used some awful language to me. She used language to me that nobody should use, I can tell you that. I said to her, 'Sticks an' stones may break my bones, but *words* will never hurt me'! I thought Miss Ducey would go right under the counter.

"Well, sakes alive, boy, you *did* get back at last, did you? Never mind about that. We can get along without any lip from you. Give the gentleman his change. He come purty near gettin' grey-headed while he was waitin' for you. Is *that* so? Well, you'll be lookin' for another job if you get new with me. I've spoke to Mr. McKay about you once already. Yes, sir, they'll be delivered this afternoon or to-morrow morning. Say, if you see Katie again, you ask her if she remembers borrowin' fifty cents from Miss Ducey. You just ask her that and see what she says. Good-bye! Don't forget the aisle."

CUPID IN BUTTONS

CUPID IN BUTTONS

"Bibbs" was an elevator-boy in the family hotel. Do you know the family hotel—where the women have no employment except to investigate the new-comers, and the head clerk is an encyclopedia of scandal, and they move the chairs out of the dining-room every two weeks and have a "grand hop"?

In such a hotel "Bibbs" worked the lever in an elevator-cage of twisted grill-work. Two of the women who rode with him were Mrs. Williams and Mrs. Cole. These estimable ladies were childless and burdened with leisure. To relieve the tedium of hotel life they lounged on the first floor, observing and comparing notes and classifying such information as comes welcome to the feminine curiosity. They knew how to worm secrets out of the amiable blonde who was at the day desk. They knew which of the men in the hotel said harsh and cruel things to their wives. They knew the past of the slender woman who wanted to be known as a widow, although really a divorcée. They knew which of the young men drank and came in late.

They could retail the grammatical errors and the social "breaks" of the family that lately had come in from the country town.

These two, putting this and that together, viewing one circumstance in the light of another and basing opinions upon their own knowledge of how matrimonial intentions are fostered, concluded that Fannie Procter would become the wife of "Willie" Branford.

Having settled comfortably into this belief they were amazed to learn that Fannie had accepted "Al" Maynard, a broad-shouldered, deep-chested young man, whose characteristics had been an apparent indifference to the charms of young women, a passion for fifteen-ball pool, and a bashful aversion to whist and round dances.

Albert Maynard, indeed! Had he ever hovered around Fannie at any of the Saturday-night dances? Had he sent flowers to her day after day, and smiled at her every time he came into breakfast? Had he come out in evening dress and tagged after her when she went into the parlour? Had Fannie ever addressed him familiarly and sent him on errands? Had they organised theatre-parties and played duets on the piano?

No!

"Al" Maynard had not figured as a possible candi-

date until the engagement was announced. Mrs. Cole remembered that Fannie had once spoken of Mr. Maynard as a "big thing." Mrs. Williams recalled the fact that she had seen them talking together a few times, but there was nothing "spooney" happening, or she would have noticed it, because she was there to notice such things.

At the first opportunity they cornered Fannie in the parlour.

"Is it true?" asked Mrs. Williams, as she took hold of the hand and felt to see if the ring was there.

"Of course it's true."

"But we always thought it would be Willie."

"I'm afraid Willie did, too, but—pshaw!"

Mrs. Williams and Mrs. Cole spent two hours in analysing that significant "pshaw."

And the remarkable part of it is that "Bibbs" alone had comprehended the situation from the very start. "Bibbs" was of the size of twelve years. He was suspected to be about sixteen. He had the self-assertion of a field-marshal of seventy-five. The English uniform to which they had condemned him could not hide his largely American qualities. He was easily familiar with all who rode in his elevator, and his impudence was of the persuasive and unconscious kind which pleased rather than offended. "Bibbs" was a priv-

ileged character. He received more Christmas presents than any one else in the house. If the management had removed him, there would have been a protest from the "guests."

"Bibbs" was sitting outside the elevator-cage, waiting for a few stragglers and night-hawks, when he told why the news had not surprised him.

"They got a bright lot o' people around this hotel, I don't think," he said. "Everybody had Mr. Branford picked. Well, I knew six weeks ago that he wasn't in it. He had about as much chance as I had. Say, the very first day that Miss Procter come here with her father, I took Mr. Maynard up the next trip, and he says to me, 'Who's the new girl'? I told him what her name was and about her bein' up here to study music. He says, 'She's all right, ain't she'? I told him I didn't have any fault to find. As long as I've been here that's the first time I ever heard him say anything about a girl in the house and it struck me as kind o' funny at the time.

"I s'pose it was about a week after that that both of 'em got in the elevator. Mr. Maynard backed away to let her get in first, and he was purty busy sizin' her up. When we went up he kept an eye on her. I let him off at the second, and he tripped in gettin' out, and that made her laugh. I guess he was a little rattled.

I says to her, 'That's Mr. Maynard.' She says, 'Who's Mr. Maynard?' 'Oh,' I says, 'he ain't a bad fellow,' and then just for a kid I told her that she was the only girl we'd ever had in the house that he'd asked anything about. She kept the car waitin' there at the third an' made me tell what he'd asked. I says, 'Oh, he just asked what your name was an' said you was all right.' 'Well, the idea!' she says. You know how they can say it. I ain't been runnin' an elevator two years for nothin'. If you want to stand in with the women you just tell 'em all the nice things you hear people say about 'em. It makes 'em mad, but it means a Christmas present, just the same.

"You know the first dance we had after Miss Procter showed up? Gee, she had a swell make-up that night! Mr. Branford was dead stuck on her from the start. I could see that easy enough. He marched her all over the first floor here to show her off, an' he nearly talked an arm off of her. I didn't know where Mr. Maynard was. I s'pose he was down playin' pool. When I took her up that night she asked me if Mr. Maynard ever went to the Saturday-night dances. I told her that he didn't seem to be much on the girl game, mebbe because he was a little bashful. Next day I tackled Mr. Maynard. I says, 'They're wonderin' why you don't show up at the dances.' 'Who's

wonderin'?' he says. 'Oh,' I says, 'there's a certain nice little party was askin' me last night why you didn't come to the hop.' He wanted to know who it was, an' I told him. He grinned and said 'Rats,' but I just waited to see.

"Sure enough, the next dance he come out in his dress suit an' he certainly looked good, but the chump loafed around the office instead of goin' in where they was dancin'. After a while she come out with Mr. Branford an' saw Mr. Maynard. I guess she must have asked Willie for an introduction, for he took her over an' give her a knock-down to Mr. Maynard. He got as red as a beet. I think she had to do most of the talkin'. I s'pose he didn't ask her to dance, bein' such a dummy, for somebody else come up an' got her away from him, an' he went down to the billiard-room. But that was the start of it.

"Around the hotel here, everybody said it was Willie in a walk. Do you know why I never thought he had a show? I'll tell you. When he'd come to put her in the elevator and send her up, he'd say 'Good-bye,' soft, like that, you know, and she'd say 'Good-bye,' just as if she hated to tear herself away, but always after she got past the first floor she'd begin to laugh. That didn't look right, did it? I could see that she was workin' Willie. He was all right to get flowers from

an' kill time with, but, do you know it, she was out for the big man from the first minute she ever saw him. And say, he was the slowest to get next of anybody I ever saw. If she hadn't gone out after him I don't believe he'd made a move. He never seemed to know how strong he was with that girl.

"Two weeks ago here I had to put him right. I was takin' him up one evening and I said, 'Mr. Branford's rushin' Miss Procter purty hard these days.' 'Yes,' he says, 'I s'pose they're engaged.' 'Engaged nothin'!' I says. 'She has to put up with him becuz the other man around here don't know enough to give her a good time.' Purty raw, wusn't it? I says, 'I'm thinkin' of savin' enough this month to buy a few flowers for her myself, if nobody else is goin' to jump in.' I just give him that for a kind of a tip, without lettin' on that I meant him. He tumbled all right. Next evening she tackled me, up on her floor, and told me to tell Mr. Maynard that she wanted to see him. I had one of the bell-hops bring him up from the billiard-room and I delivered him to her on the third. She had a big bunch of flowers that somebody had sent to her and she wanted him to come up and have one put in his button-hole. That wus the first time he'd ever sent any flowers an' I don't think he'd 'a' done it then if I hadn't give him the hunch. He was the slowest I

ever saw, an' I've watched a good many of 'em around here.

"Well, he was good an' jollied that night when I brought him down with that flower hangin' on his coat. The next evening after that, she come down an' Willie got hold of her an' was walkin' her around here when Mr. Maynard came up. Sore? You could see it worried him to have her payin' any attention to Willie, but it was his own fault. He ought to have been on the lookout an' got her first. But he done something that paralysed me. He walked over to the sofa an' started in to chin that thin Morrison girl that wears the glasses. I says, 'Aha, we've got the old boy a little jealous at last.' He was talkin' to Miss Morrison, but all the time he was keepin' tab on Miss Procter. An' Miss Procter was very busy with little Willie, but she was watchin' that sofa every minute. An' me back here, takin' it all in. Willie an' the Morrison girl didn't cut any figure at all. They thought they did, but they didn't.

"Now the rest of this is on the q. t. and Mr. Maynard wouldn't do a thing to me if he thought I'd told anybody. I was takin' him up to his room that night an' I says, 'There's a girl in this hotel I feel sorry for.' 'Who's that?' he says. 'W'y,' I says, 'it's Miss Procter. There don't seem to be anybody around here that's got

the sand to take her away from Mr. Branford.' 'What do you know about it?' he says, lookin' at me kind o' funny. 'I don't know much,' I says, 'but I know which man she likes the best around here.' He didn't say anything. We come to his floor an' I opened the door, but he didn't get out right away. 'Are you sure?' he says. I says, 'It's a cinch.' He says, 'I want to leave a 7.30 call,' an' then he slipped me a half.

"Well, say! Next night he was faked up just about right, an' he sent up his card before she had time to come down. I don't know what he took to give him his nerve. I didn't think he'd come around to it for a month, but you can't always tell about these quiet fellows. He's landed her. He has, for a fact. It's all over the hotel. An' they say Willie's goin' to give up his room. Willie's all right, but he won't do. Say, don't you think I'm entitled to a bid to the wedding? Huh?"

THE BUELL CHERRY

THE BUELL CHERRY

"This is the place," said Mr. Buell, as he stopped in front of a new cottage with a wrinkled lawn in front of it.

The breezes came freely from across the prairies. Over toward the trolley track the white and blue flowers of spring peeped timidly from the new grass. Mrs. Buell gave every symptom of delight. She knew that she would fall in love with the place. The children would have a play-ground at last. Mr. Buell predicted that the whole family would become brown and heavy from living in the suburbs.

"Domestic happiness, thou only bliss
Of paradise that has survived the fall."

It was spring-time when the Buells moved to Arcadian Heights, a mountainous suburb, rising at points to a height of fifteen feet above the level of the lake.

Arcadian Heights was then the skeleton framework of a town. It had a railway-station, a grass-plot with the name of the suburb tastefully set in whitewashed

rocks, and the streets were already marked out and fringed with spidery shade-trees.

Cement sidewalks parted the bushy weeds. Rusted hydrants lifted themselves above the dandelions in evidence of the fact that the town had a water-supply, even if it had no one to use the water.

A dozen new houses were sprinkled on the checkerboard plain to the west of the station. It was to one of these houses that the Buells came with two cavernous waggons full of furniture. They had given up the close communion of life in a flat building and preferred an association with Nature.

> *"An elegant sufficiency, content,*
> *Retirement, rural quiet, friendships, books,*
> *Ease and alternate labour, useful life,*
> *Progressive virtue and approving heaven!"*

The Buell place was not large, as compared with the country-seats of the 300-page novel, but it was all theirs.

Every spear of grass assumed a pleasant relation toward the new-comers.

Mr. and Mrs. Buell had something like a parental interest in the slender shade-trees at the front, the bushes behind the house, and the two cherry-trees which stood near the walk spurring out from the veranda.

Within a few days after the Buells first moved in, one of these trees unfolded a few milky blossoms.

"For, lo! the winter is past, the rain is over and gone; the flowers appear on the earth; the time of the singing of birds is come, and the voice of the turtle is heard in the land."

The Buells did not hear the dove, but they were entertained nightly by the frogs, and sitting on the front veranda at dusk all four would sniff hard in an effort to corroborate Mrs. Buell's firm belief that she could detect the odour of cherry-blossoms.

"Now came still evening on, and twilight grey
Had in her sober livery all things clad;
Silence accompany'd; for beast and bird,
They to their grassy couch, these to their nests,
Were slunk."

Mrs. Buell plucked a few of the blossoms and copied them imperfectly in water-colours. The other tree produced nothing but waxen leaves. Mr. Buell examined it studiously and conferred with a neighbour who had made a study of small fruits, and it was decided that it would produce, in time, the ox-heart cherry, which is a pleasant edible.

The first tree, blossoming so promptly, was a com-

mon specimen of the *prunus cerasus*, the fruit being known as the "cooking cherry."

"Hope springs eternal in the human breast;
Man never is, but always to be blest."

During the long winter the trees were banked about with earth and kept in swaddling clothes, and early in the second spring they fulfilled the promise of the season and put out an abundance of green leaves. A mother guiding the steps of her first-born could not have been more solicitous than were the Buells as they searched the long branches and found, here and there, the beginning of a white blossom.

"The ox-heart tree is going to blossom," said Mrs. Buell to the children one afternoon.

"The ox-heart tree is going to blossom!" shouted the children to Mr. Buell as he walked over from the station that afternoon.

"By George, the ox-heart tree *is* going to blossom," said Mr. Buell, as he pulled down the branches and examined them with a surgeonly tenderness.

"It is the month of June,
The month of leaves and roses,
When pleasant sights salute the eyes
And pleasant scents the noses."

Yet the month of June held one cruel disappointment for the Buell family.

The ox-heart tree which had blossomed so sturdily, showed not a cherry. The other tree bore thirteen. For a long time the count was twelve, but one day little Grace, who had sharper eyes than the others, discovered one cherry on a high branch, partly hidden by the leaves, and thirteen was thereafter taken as the official count.

The cherries ripened one at a time and were devoured. An equitable division was made, although thirteen cherries cannot be divided exactly by four.

It will be understood that in the spring of the third year there was a lack of confidence in the ox-heart tree. It had grown taller and extended its branches and the blossoms hung rich and heavy, but the Buells did not permit themselves to be lifted by vain hopes. They were waiting for it to perform actual service.

The common tree, producing the cooking cherries, blossomed more bounteously than ever before, and, it may be added, bore nearly four quarts of cherries, which were put into pies.

But what of the other?

The white petals fell and there was a period of uncertainty. One day Mr. Buell (credit where credit is due!) discovered on the eastward branch which ex-

tended toward the walk, one small, hard cherry. It seemed normal and without defect.

After three years of care and nursing the ox-heart tree was about to yield the first evidence of gratitude.

From one stand-point the Buell cherry was a small and insignificant part of the vegetable growth of North America. From the other stand-point it was the symbol of all the beauty in Nature's excellent laws. It was the essential poetry in the quatrain of seasons.

"Warmed by the sun
And wet by the dew,
It grew, it grew—
Listen to my tale of woe."

All values are comparative.

The Buells had been fruit-growers for three years, and at last they had produced one edible cherry.

According to market quotations the value of this cherry was the decimal part of one cent. The Buells justly regarded it as a priceless treasure. The children stood guard over it, to keep the robins away, and there was never a day that the family did not gather at the tree and remark the growing blush.

What was to be done with the cherry? It was too valuable and epoch-marking to be gulped down in the ordinary off-hand manner. Rabelais spoke of a man

who would take three bites at a cherry, but Mr. Buell could not see a fair plan of division among four.

Like a gallant man and a good husband, he decreed that Mrs. Buell should eat the cherry.

The ceremony of the eating was to be as follows: Mrs. Buell's sister and the sister's husband were to come out from town for Sunday dinner. At the serving of dessert the girl was to bring in the cherry on the genuine Delft plate which Mrs. Buell's brother had brought from Holland. Mr. Buell would make a few remarks, touching on the sweetness of life in the suburbs and the felicities of horticulture. Mrs. Buell would then bite the cherry to the accompaniment of applause.

It was eventide. Mr. and Mrs. Buell sat on the cool veranda, arranging for the celebration. Suddenly they were interrupted.

"Mr. Buell, that was a mighty fine cherry."

There stood the man who delivered the papers. He was smacking his lips.

Mr. Buell looked to where the branch of the tree was outlined against the darkening, turquoise sky. The cherry was gone! A low moan escaped him.

He turned to where his wife sat. She was mute and staring. Then she saw his white face and burst into convulsive sobbing.

"This, this is misery—the last, the worst
That man can feel."

"Walk down to the gate with me, Jefferson, and I'll pay you," said Mr. Buell, taking him by the arm.

"Why, what's the matter with Mrs. Buell?" asked Jefferson, looking back at her.

"She has bad news. One of her cousins is dead—out in Kansas."

AN INCIDENT IN THE "PANSY"

AN INCIDENT IN THE "PANSY"

The "Pansy" saloon is directly across the street from the entrance to Sembrich's Hall, where the Ludolfia Pleasure Club gave its masquerade ball. "Matty" Swinton, Jimmy Flynn, and "Fatty" Eldridge were sitting in the "Pansy" playing seven-up around a smeary table as the maskers arrived.

A masquerade ball at Sembrich's Hall is worth going to see. It puts a few hours of actual splendour into the lives of toilsome young men and young women. The laundry-girl reigns for one night as Marie Antoinette or else as the fated Queen of Scots. The girls employed at the Southwest Division Louvre dry-goods store forget their gingham aprons, their convict dress, and the wearing click of the cash trolley, for they are transformed into flower-girls, ladies of the court, señoritas, Japanese geishas and what not that is bespangled and bewitching.

There is a little shop just around the corner from Sembrich's Hall at which masquerade costumes of the most astounding brilliancy may be had for a small consideration.

The young men seem to prefer comic parts. They come to the hall in the fantastic clothes of harlequins, clowns, burlesque German and Irish emigrants, or else as gaudy negro minstrels. When they put on these fancy costumes they seem to put on the carnival spirit, too, for the gayety at a Sembrich Hall masquerade is simply boisterous. These young men, ordinarily shy and backward in the presence of young women, cavort and dance, beat one another with slap-sticks, indulge in crazy pantomine, and pay exaggerated devotion to the masked beauties.

It must be confessed, also, that the girls enter into the romp with no reserve of maidenly dignity. For John Swensen, the grocer's clerk, to put his arm around Hilda Jensen, the little bonnet-trimmer, would be a subject for scandal, but for the gallant bull-fighter to caress the senorita is mere accuracy of romance and no one is shocked.

Be assured, too, that John Swensen and all the meek and timorous young men have now become the most audacious cavaliers. The young men of to-day in their sombre store-clothes still have the fine manners and chivalry of the Middle Ages in their hearts, for when the opportunity comes, as at Sembrich's Hall, they put on the doublet and hose, velvet jackets, long tan boots, plumed hats, gauntlets, ruffled waists, chain

armour, jewelled belts and hilts, Spanish cloaks, military helmets, Elizabethan ruffs, and all the other finery to be rented at the little shop around the corner.

Certainly a masquerade ball at Sembrich's Hall is worth going to see. One will be pleasantly amazed to find such a magnificent pageant so near the "Pansy" saloon, which fronts on a muddy street and stands in a row of hideously plain and commonplace wooden streets. Sembrich's building, the neighbourhood pride, is a large box made of bricks.

"Matty" Swinton, Jimmy Flynn, "Butch" Hanton, and "Fatty" Eldridge turned from their cards occasionally to look at another noisy group of maskers passing up the lighted stairway across the street.

"They're goin' to have a great push over there tonight," said "Fatty."

"Ye—ah," said "Butch" Hanton, studying his cards. "I'm goin' over presently, and if it don't suit me I think I'll stop it."

"You'd better keep away," remarked "Matty" Swinton. "I see you try to stop somethin' once before."

"Yes, you must like to ride in them waggons," put in the bartender, whose name was Joe.

Every one except "Butch" had to laugh. The bartender's reference to the "waggon" recalled the fact

that "Butch" had been taken to the station one night for attempting to force his way into a wedding-reception.

"I had my peaches that night," said "Butch." "They'll never land me that way again."

"Go on and play," growled Jimmy Flynn.

The four card-players in the "Pansy" were not the kind of young men to put on fancy costumes and go to masquerade parties. They were too sophisticated and tried-out to care for such childish diversions, and they were glad of it.

They felt a superiority over the young fellows who acted as escorts to the laundry-girls and those who worked at the Louvre. They would stand in front of the "Pansy" and watch the couples pass by and would feel a sort of malicious pity for them.

The door opened and "Butch" Hanton cursed fervently as he saw two clowns enter. They wore baggy suits of spotted design and little peaked white hats. Their faces were powdered and streaked. One was a large man and he was especially ridiculous in such a costume.

"Hello, Choe," he shouted, and there was a rattling German guttural in his voice. "Let us haf two peers."

"Good crowd over there to-night?" asked the bartender.

"Fine—ef'rybody hafing a goot time."

The four card-players had dropped their cards and were gazing at the two strange visitors. Evidently their contempt was too deep for expression.

The two clowns drank their beer. The larger one benevolently laid his hand on the shoulder of the other and they began to sing. To the unaccustomed ear it sounded thus, and they did it with tremendous vigour:

"Hi-lee! Hi-lo!
Hi-lee! Hi-lo!
By untz gates immer,
Gay-linger, Gay-schlimmer,
Hi-lee! Hi-lo!
Hi-lee! Hi-lo!
By untz gates immer ve-zo!"

As they concluded the last line "Butch" Hanton threw a piece of chalk (used for marking scores) and hit the big clown on the ear. The big fellow turned to the four at the table and bowed. "Goot shot, poys," he said. "Come and haf a drink."

The four exchanged sullen glances and did not move.

"You fellows ain't stopped, have you?" asked Joe. "Come up and have somethin' on Chris. Chris, these boys are all friends of mine. Shake hands with 'em."

Chris extended his hand toward Jimmy Flynn, who responded unwillingly.

"Say! Here!" Jimmy exclaimed, as he felt something close on his hand until the bones ground together.

Chris released him and seized "Butch" by the hand.

"For God's sake!" gasped "Butch," crouching halfway to the floor. With a backward leap he released his hand and rubbed it, while he chewed his lip with pain.

Chris started toward "Matty," who said, "Nix! Nix!" as if in anger, and shifted toward the head of the bar.

"Say, you big sausage, what are you tryin' to do?" demanded "Butch," glaring at the clown.

Chris smiled horribly through the chalk and said: "Ho! Sho! It is all in fun. You shouldt not get mat."

"Don't get sore about a little thing like that," said Joe, who was setting the drinks along the bar.

"I don't like them funny plays," said "Butch," working his fingers.

"Go on, Chris, and show them how well you can lift," said Joe, after the drinks had been disposed of.

"No, you don't," objected "Butch," and he backed away.

"It iss all right," urged Chris, following him up. "It will not hurt."

He reached forward suddenly and caught "Butch" by the shoulder.

"Stant still," he said.

"Naw—naw. Don't get funny."

"Go on," put in the bartender, "Chris won't hurt you."

"Butch" looked sheepishly at the others, and then, following directions, he stiffened himself and allowed Chris to take hold of him by the ankles and lift him into the air, very slowly, until his feet were on a level with the card-table.

"Ah—h—h—h—h—h!" said Joe, admiringly.

Chris lowered his man a few inches, and then with a sudden upward movement, he tossed "Butch" three feet or more toward the ceiling—as he would have tossed a ten-pound bell.

"Butch" fell on all fours and scrambled to his feet. Joe was doubled over behind the bar, barking with laughter. The others were laughing, too—even Chris, who stood a few feet away, with his big shoulders heaving under the spotted suit.

"I won't stand for it!" shouted "Butch," rushing toward the big German. "Fatty" grabbed him by the arm and said, "Aw, come off! Don't start nothin'."

"I let no fresh guy do that to me."

"On the dead, I never see a man get sore so quick," said Joe, his eyes full of tears from the attack of laughter. "Chris meant it in fun—huh, Chris?"

"Sure. All in fun. Goot-bye, Choe."

The two clowns went out the front way, and Joe gave another howl.

"You put that Dutchman on to me!" said "Butch," who was hot and nervous.

"What are you talkin' about? He done that all in fun. Do you know him? Chris Schleger—the best weight-lifter on the west side. I seen him beat a professional one night. You can't tell about a guy just becuz you see him in one o' them suits."

"The Dutchman's all right," said Jimmy Flynn, and he laughed.

Then all of them laughed—all except "Butch."

The Ludolfia Pleasure Club gave its masquerade without interruption.

MISS TYNDALL'S PICTURE

MISS TYNDALL'S PICTURE

(*Scene—The parlour of the Hazelden house, near the north shore. Mrs. Hazelden is seated by the window, reading a magazine. The door-bell rings. Mrs. Hazelden lowers the magazine and listens. A mumble of voices outside. The housemaid comes to the door, followed by Mr. Custer, who offers to Mrs. Hazelden a slight and embarrassed bow. Mrs. Hazelden rises.)*

The Housemaid: "He wants to see about the house."

Mrs. Hazelden: "Oh!"

Mr. Custer: "Yes—ah—they told me at the agency that you wished to rent your house for the summer. I—my name is Custer."

Mrs. H.: "Yes? Won't you be seated?"

(They sit.)

Mr. C.: "My uncle, Judge Custer, of Custer & Bland, you——?"

Mrs. H.: "Oh, yes, indeed, quite often."

Mr. C.: "I—ah—my brother and his wife wish to spend the summer here. My brother is a professor in Runyon College. We thought it would be pleasant

to take a house for the summer—something pretty well away from town and near the lake. I'm tired of hotel life, and, besides, I belong to the Edgwater Golf Club and could put him up there. I thought it would be——"

Mrs. H.: "I'm sure it would be. You would like this neighbourhood, too. It's so near the lake—you can see it from the upper windows—and it's entirely away from the traffic and the smoke."

Mr. C.: "Yes'm."

Mrs. H.: "Really, you know, I've never had a house that I liked any better. I'd be very well satisfied to remain here all summer, but Mr. Hazelden has a cottage on Lake Tomowoc, and he is very fond of boating and fishing, so he wants to be there all summer."

Mr. C.: "Yes'm."

Mrs. H.: "I suppose you want to look through the rooms. *(She rises.)* There are no children?"

Mr. C. *(rising)*: "No, only the three of us. *(Looking around.)* This is a pretty room, isn't it? I like the high ceilings. Hello! *(Walks over and looks at a mounted photograph on the mantel.)* That's Miss Tyndall, isn't it?"

Mrs. H. *(cordially)*: "Why, do *you* know Fannie Tyndall?"

Mr. C.: "I met her a few times on the south side —with Jim Wescott."

Mrs. H. *(less cordially)*: "Oh!"

Mr. C.: "You know they were——"

Mrs. H.: "Yes, I know all about it. I suppose you heard why it was broken off."

Mr. C. *(calmly)*: "I heard something of the details—yes."

Mrs. H.: "*His* side of the story, I presume."

Mr. C.: "Well—yes. Jim didn't tell me himself, but I think it came from him."

Mrs. H.: "Do you know Mr. Wescott quite well?"

Mr. C.: "Yes, I might say that I know him intimately. We went to school together."

Mrs. H.: "Indeed! Well, what's wrong with him, anyway?"

Mr. C. *(surprised)*: "Wrong with Jim? It never occurred to me that there was *anything* wrong with him."

Mrs. H.: "Isn't he—*queer?*"

Mr. C.: "I don't think so. Of course, he's a studious fellow, and isn't quite as—effervescent, you might say, as most of the other fellows in his set, but he's all right."

Mrs. H.: "Well, he was out here with Fannie two or

three times last summer—they came out to the golf club—and, do you know, the man actually embarrassed me. Whenever you spoke to him he had such a cold, indifferent way of smiling back at you and saying 'Oh, indeed'! and then he would wait for you to say something more. He impressed me as being rather—well, I should say—conceited. He always seemed inclined to patronise women and treat them as creatures of minor intelligence, and yet he never said anything bright or clever himself to back up this calm assumption of superiority. I was perfectly delighted when I learned that the engagement had been broken off. Fannie is such a lovely girl."

Mr. C.: "She's a very *pretty* girl, certainly."

Mrs. H.: "Yes, and she's just as nice as she is pretty. You know the Tyndalls used to be neighbours of ours on the south side, and I came to know them ever so well. I always said that Fannie was the *dearest* thing that ever lived."

Mr. C.: "Isn't she inclined to be a little bit—lively?"

Mrs. H.: "*Oh—h! No,* indeed! Why, *really!* In what *way?*"

Mr. C.: "Well, perhaps I shouldn't have used that word. I'll admit I don't know her very well. She's charming enough, I suppose, but I've understood that

Jim broke the engagement because she received too many attentions from other men."

Mrs. H. *(with flashing eye)*: "*Jim* broke the engagement! Jim, *indeed!* Why, Mr.—ah——"

Mr. C.: "Custer."

Mrs. H.: "Did he tell you, Mr. Custer, that *he* broke the engagement?"

Mr. C.: "No, he hasn't said much about it to any one, but that's what I understood."

Mrs. H.: "Well, there isn't a word of it so. I heard the straight of it from one of Fannie's chums. It seems that he started in to lecture Fannie about dancing with two or three men he didn't like, and she simply refused to be lectured, and ended the engagement then and there. I think that's what any plucky girl should have done, under the circumstances."

Mr. C.: "Isn't it possible that Jim knew more about these young men than Miss Tyndall did?"

Mrs. H.: "Oh, pshaw!"

Mr. C.: "Oh, well, it's all over now, and I honestly think it was better for all concerned. From what I learned of Miss Tyndall, I don't think she would have made the right kind of a wife for him."

Mrs. H. *(slightly ruffled)*: "Well—the right kind —what do you mean by that? I suppose she wasn't *good* enough for Mr. Wescott."

Mr. C.: "Well, I think she was too frivolous. I don't consider frivolity a crime, but in some cases it ought to be a hindrance to matrimony. She was a charming girl, in many respects, but *(laughing)* it always seemed to me that she had a sort of—matinee education, as you might say. I don't think she aspired to anything higher than chocolate creams."

Mrs. H.: "Great heavens, Mr. Custer, she's a *girl!* She's hardly nineteen. If she had been a studious thing with spectacles, and her hair all plastered down, do you suppose Mr. Wescott would have ever given her a second look? No, indeed! I don't mean any disrespect to your friend, but, really, I think it would have been a positive calamity for Fannie to have married that man. I don't understand why she was attracted to him in the first place. He isn't handsome, is he?"

Mr. C.: "No, he isn't particularly handsome, but he isn't repulsive, either. He has the usual number of features. He's a brainy chap."

Mrs. H.: "Oh, you'd be sure to take the man's part. *(Bell rings.)* I wonder if that's some one else to see the house. We've been standing here——"

Mr. C.: "Yes, I've been listening to you slander poor Jim."

Mrs. H.: "Well, really, Mr. Custer, if you knew Fannie as I do, you'd be out of patience, too, with any man who didn't appreciate her. (*Housemaid tiptoes in and hands a large, square envelope to Mrs. Hazelden.*) It was the postman. Thank you, Mary. Mr. Wescott may be popular among the men, but—ooh! he's such an iceberg. (*Drawing an inner envelope from the large one.*) Fannie never would have been happy with such an unsympathetic—Mercy me!" (*Staring at the card folder which she has taken from the envelope.*)

Mr. C.: "What—er—excuse me."

Mrs. H.: "Oh—h—h! If that—well! What do you think?"

Mr. C.: "I don't know, I'm sure."

Mrs. H. (*shaking the card folder at him*): "Do you know what this is?"

Mr. C.: "I haven't the slightest idea."

Mrs. H.: "A wedding-invitation."

Mr. C.: "Theirs?"

Mrs. H.: "Theirs. (*Reading.*) 'To the marriage of their daughter Fannie to Mr. James Duncan Wescott'—and she said she'd never"—(*compresses her lips*).

Mr. C.: "Evidently there has been a reconciliation."

Mrs. H.: "*Evidently.* What could that child have been thinking of? *(Sighs.)* Poor Fannie!"

Mr. C.: "Poor—I beg your pardon."

Mrs. H.: "Isn't that just like a girl?"

Mr. C.: "I suppose so. I didn't think Jim would, though."

Mrs. H.: "Oh, pshaw! *Jim!* Jim, indeed! Mr. Custer, women are deceived once in a while, but every man is a perfect greenhorn. Come on. I want to show you the dining-room."

MR. PAYSON'S SATIRICAL CHRISTMAS

MR. PAYSON'S SATIRICAL CHRISTMAS

Mr. Sidney Payson was full of the bitterness of Christmas-tide. Mr. Payson was the kind of man who loved to tell invalids that they were not looking as well as usual, and who frightened young husbands by predicting that they would regret having married. He seldom put the seal of approval on any human undertaking. It was a matter of pride with him that he never failed to find the sinister motive for the act which other people applauded. Some of his pious friends used to say that Satan had got the upper hand with him, but there were others who indicated that it might be Bile.

Think of the seething wrath and the sense of humiliation with which Mr. Sidney Payson set about his Christmas-shopping! In the first place, to go shopping for Christmas-presents was the most conventional thing that any one could do, and Mr. Payson hated conventionalities. For another thing, the giving of Christmas-presents carried with it some testimony of

affection, and Mr. Payson regarded any display of affection as one of the crude symptoms of barbarous taste.

If he could have assembled his relatives at a Christmas-gathering and opened a few old family wounds, reminding his brother and his two sisters of some of their youthful follies, thus shaming them before the children, Mr. Sidney Payson might have managed to make out a rather merry Christmas. Instead of that, he was condemned to go out and purchase gifts and be as cheaply idiotic as the other wretched mortals with whom he was being carried along. No wonder that he chafed and rebelled and vainly wished that he could hang crape on every Christmas-tree in the universe.

Mr. Sidney Payson hated his task and he was puzzled by it. After wandering through two stores and looking in at twenty windows he had been unable to make one selection. It seemed to him that all the articles offered for sale were singularly and uniformly inappropriate. The custom of giving was a farce in itself, and the store-keepers had done what they could to make it a sickening travesty.

"I'll go ahead and buy a lot of things at haphazard," he said to himself. "I don't care a hang whether they are appropriate or not."

At that moment he had an inspiration. It was an inspiration which could have come to no one except Mr. Sidney Payson. It promised a speedy end to shopping hardships. It guaranteed him a Christmas to his own liking.

He was bound by family custom to buy Christmas-presents for his relatives. He had promised his sister that he would remember every one in the list. But he was under no obligation to give presents that would be welcome. Why not give to each of his relatives some present which would be entirely useless, inappropriate, and superfluous? It would serve them right for involving him in the childish performances of the Christmas-season. It would be a burlesque on the whole nonsensicality of Christmas-giving. It would irritate and puzzle his relatives and probably deepen their hatred of him. At any rate, it would be a satire on a silly tradition, and, thank goodness, it wouldn't be conventional.

Mr. Sidney Payson went into the first department-store and found himself at the book-counter.

"Have you any work which would be suitable for an elderly gentleman of studious habits and deep religious convictions?" he asked.

"We have here the works of Flavius Josephus in two volumes," replied the young woman.

"All right; I'll take them," he said. "I want them for my nephew Fred. He likes Indian stories."

The salesgirl looked at him wonderingly.

"Now, then, I want a love-story," said Mr. Payson. "I have a maiden sister who is president of a Ruskin club and writes essays about Buddhism. I want to give her a book that tells about a girl named Mabel who is loved by Sir Hector Something-or-Other. Give me a book that is full of hugs and kisses and heaving bosoms and all that sort of rot. Get just as far away from Ibsen and Howells and Henry James as you can possibly get."

"Here is a book that all the girls in the store say is very good," replied the young woman. "It is called 'Virgie's Betrothal; or, the Stranger at Birchwood Manor.' It's by Imogene Sybil Beauclerc."

"If it's what it sounds to be, it's just what I want," said Payson, showing his teeth at the young woman with a devilish glee. "You say the girls here in the store like it?"

"Yes; Miss Simmons, in the handkerchief-box department, says it's just grand."

"Ha! All right! I'll take it."

He felt his happiness rising as he went out of the store. The joy shone in his face as he stood at the skate-counter.

"I have a brother who is forty-six years old and rather fat," he said to the salesman. "I don't suppose he's been on the ice in twenty-five years. He wears a No. 9 shoe. Give me a pair of skates for him."

A few minutes later he stood at the silk-counter.

"What are those things?" he asked, pointing to some gaily coloured silks folded in boxes.

"Those are scarfs."

"Well, if you've got one that has all the colours of the rainbow in it, I'll take it. I want one with lots of yellow and red and green in it. I want something that you can hear across the street. You see, I have a sister who prides herself on her quiet taste. Her costumes are marked by what you call 'unobtrusive elegance.' I think she'd rather die than wear one of those things, so I want the biggest and noisiest one in the whole lot."

The girl didn't know what to make of Mr. Payson's strange remarks, but she was too busy to be kept wondering.

Mr. Payson's sister's husband is the president of a church temperance society, so Mr. Payson bought him a buckhorn corkscrew.

There was one more present to buy.

"Let me see," said Mr. Payson. "What is there that could be of no earthly use to a girl six years old?"

Even as he spoke his eye fell on a sign: "Bargain sale of neckwear."

"I don't believe she would care for cravats," he said. "I think I'll buy some for her."

He saw a box of large cravats marked "25 cents each."

"Why are those so cheap?" he asked.

"Well, to tell the truth, they're out of style."

"That's good. I want eight of them—oh, any eight will do. I want them for a small niece of mine—a little girl about six years old."

Without indicating the least surprise, the salesman wrapped up the cravats.

Letters received by Mr. Sidney Payson in acknowledgment of his Christmas-presents:

1.

"Dear Brother: Pardon me for not having acknowledged the receipt of your Christmas-present. The fact is that since the skates came I have been devoting so much of my time to the re-acquiring of one of my early accomplishments that I have not had much time for writing. I wish I could express to you the delight I felt when I opened the box and saw that

you had sent me a pair of skates. It was just as if you had said to me: 'Will, my boy, some people may think that you are getting on in years, but I know that you're not.' I suddenly remembered that the presents which I have been receiving for several Christmases were intended for an old man. I have received easy-chairs, slippers, mufflers, smoking-jackets, and the like. When I received the pair of skates from you I felt that twenty years had been lifted off my shoulders. How in the world did you ever happen to think of them? Did you really believe that my skating-days were not over? Well, they're *not*. I went to the pond in the park on Christmas-day and worked at it for two hours and I had a lot of fun. My ankles were rather weak and I fell down twice, fortunately without any serious damage to myself or the ice, but I managed to go through the motions, and before I left I skated with a smashing pretty girl. Well, Sid, I have you to thank. I never would have ventured on skates again if it had not been for you. I was a little stiff yesterday, but this morning I went out again and had a dandy time. I owe the renewal of my youth to you. Thank you many times, and believe me to be, as ever, your affectionate brother,

"WILLIAM."

2.

"Dear Brother: The secret is out! I suspected it all the time. It is needless for you to offer denial. Sometimes when you have acted the cynic I have almost believed that you were sincere, but each time I have been relieved to observe in you something which told me that underneath your assumed indifference there was a genial current of the romantic sentiment of the youth and the lover. How can I be in doubt after receiving a little book—a love-story?

"I knew, Sidney dear, that you would remember me at Christmas. You have always been the soul of thoughtfulness, especially to those of us who understood you. I must confess, however, that I expected you to do the deadly conventional thing and send me something heavy and serious. I knew it would be a book. All of my friends send me books. That comes of being president of a literary club. But you are the only one, Sidney, who had the rare and kindly judgment to appeal to the woman and not to the club president. Because I am interested in a serious literary movement it need not follow that I want my whole life to be overshadowed by the giants of the kingdom of letters. Although I would not dare confess it to Mrs. Peabody or Mrs. Hutchens, there are times when I like

to spend an afternoon with an old-fashioned love-story.

"You are a bachelor, Sidney, and as for me, I have long since ceased to blush at the casual mention of 'old maid.' It was not for us to know the bitter-sweet experiences of courtship and marriage, and you will remember that we have sometimes pitied the headlong infatuation of sweethearts and have felt rather superior in our freedom. And yet, Sidney, if we chose to be perfectly candid with each other, I dare say that both of us would confess to having known something about that which men call *love*. We might confess that we had felt its subtle influence, at times and places, and with a stirring uneasiness, as one detects a draught. We might go so far as to admit that sometimes we pause in our lonely lives and wonder what might have been and whether it would not have been better, after all. I am afraid that I am writing like a sentimental school-girl, but you must know that I have been reading your charming little book, and it has come to me as a message from you. Is it not really a confession, Sidney?

"You have made me very happy, dear brother. I feel more closely drawn to you than at any time since we were all together at Christmas, at the old home. Come and see me. Your loving sister,

"GERTRUDE."

3.

"Dear Brother: Greetings to you from the happiest household in town, thanks to a generous Santa Claus in the guise of Uncle Sidney. I must begin by thanking you on my own account. How in the world did you ever learn that Roman colours had come in again? I have always heard that men did not follow the styles and could not be trusted to select anything for a woman, but it is a libel, a base libel, for the scarf which you sent is quite the most *beautiful* thing I have received this Christmas. I have it draped over the large picture in the parlour, and it is the envy of every one who has been in to-day. A *thousand, thousand* thanks, dear Sidney. It was perfectly sweet of you to remember me, and I call it nothing less than a stroke of genius to think of anything so appropriate and yet so much out of the ordinary.

"John asks me to thank you—but I must tell you the story. One evening last week we had a little chafing-dish party after prayer-meeting, and I asked John to open a bottle of olives for me. Well, he broke the small blade of his knife trying to get the cork out. He said: 'If I live to get downtown again, I'm going

to buy a corkscrew.' Fortunately he had neglected to buy one, and so your gift seemed to come straight from Providence. John is very much pleased. Already he has found use for it, as it happened that he wanted to open a bottle of household ammonia the very first thing this morning.

"As for Fred's lovely books, thank goodness you didn't send him any more story-books. John and I have been trying to induce him to take up a more serious line of reading. The Josephus ought to help him in the study of his Sunday-school lessons. We were pleased to observe that he read it for about an hour this morning.

"When you were out here last fall did Genevieve tell you that she was collecting silk for a doll quilt? She insists that she did not, but she must have done so, for how could you have guessed that she wants pieces of silk above anything else in the world? The perfectly lovely cravats which you sent will more than complete the quilt, and I think that mamma will get some of the extra pieces for herself. Fred and Genevieve send love and kisses. John insists that you come out to dinner some Sunday very soon—next Sunday if you can. After we received your presents we were quite ashamed of the box we had sent over to your hotel, but we will try to make up the difference in

heart-felt gratitude. Don't forget—any Sunday. Your loving sister,

"KATHERINE."

It would be useless to tell what Mr. Sidney Payson thought of himself after he received these letters.

LIFE INSURANCE

LIFE INSURANCE

The moment you see him coming toward you, you are sensible of the fact that his personality towers above your own. He stoops a little, figuratively and literally, when he comes to address you.

"Mr. Mark, I wrote to you some time ago in regard to a business matter in which I supposed you might be interested," he says.

You do not remember having received any communication from him and you are moderately certain that you never saw the man before, but memory is fickle and you tactfully say "Yes," nodding your head.

"I had intended to come around and see you before this," he says. "A friend of yours, Mr. A. J. Booster, in the Behemoth building, was very anxious that I should call in to see you, and I promised him that I would."

You remember Mr. Booster, dimly, as a restaurant acquaintance, who makes puns. You wonder why he has put on such a solicitude.

You look at the plain card in front of you, "Mr.

Percival Conway," and wonder if he has come to buy those lots in Prairie Glen, which you have been holding at $800, without an offer in four years.

"Now, I don't want to interrupt you if you are busy or take up any of your time needlessly," says Mr. Conway, as he glances at a heavily engraved gold watch. "It is now 10.30. If you will have more time at 11.30 or at 2 this afternoon, or at any other hour, I can break my engagements and come here to see you. What I have to say will probably take ten minutes. It's a simple and straightforward business proposition, and I think it will appeal to you as a business man. (This flatters you, in spite of the fact that you haven't an ounce of business sense and never made a success of a trade.) As I said before, I won't take up more than ten minutes, but I don't care to bring the matter to your attention until you feel that you have the time at your disposal."

To tell the truth, you are very busy. Your day's work lies before you on the desk and beckons you to activity. But who can resist a man who is so considerate? Besides, it will be over in ten minutes, so why not have it out of the way? You ask him to be seated and put yourself into a serious attitude for listening.

"Mr. Mark, I believe that I can put you in the way

of making a little money for yourself, or at least of saving some money year after year, and, at the same time, protecting your family or relations," he begins.

This has a suspicious phrasing.

"Let's see, you're about twenty-nine years old, aren't you?" he asks.

"More than that—thirty-four."

"Indeed! I wouldn't have believed it. Now let me see (taking a small book from his inside coat-pocket), you say thirty-four—thirty-four—well, that isn't so much more. There isn't so much difference in the expectation. Now, Mr. Mark, how much money could you spare every year—money to be put aside simply as a sure investment, with the privilege of drawing it out at any time if you saw fit to do so?"

You begin to catch the trend of his remarks.

"Is this another life-insurance scheme?" you ask as you feel the wrath slowly spreading toward your extremities.

"Not exactly, although we guarantee you the incidental insurance the same as the old-line companies. Our proposition, however, differs from all others in this important respect: We allow the interest accumulating on the tontine policy to become a reserve fund, and at the end of twenty years you can either draw this principal or you can apply it on a paid-up

policy at four per cent. interest. Now, for instance, you are thirty-four years old and you take out one of our non-reversible twenty-year policies with the reserve-fund clause. You would pay the first year $186.13, and of that sum $22.49 would go into the contingent department and be applied on the policy direct, while $76.87, as you can see by a glance at this chart, will be put aside, and out of that we allow you the discount, so that the second year you can either pay the $186.13 or you can allow the $14.92 set down here as premium, to apply on the payment, or you can withdraw and take a nine-months' paid-up policy for $1,800, but if you do this you lose the four per cent. interest which I mentioned a few minutes ago, so that, if you care to accept my advice in the matter you will take the same kind of a policy that I wrote for your friend, Mr. Booster—that is, the reactionable endowment policy, with the clause permitting the accumulation of both premium and interest, so that, after the termination of eleven years, you being only forty-five years old at that time, you can withdraw all that you have paid in up to that time, less the $22.49 indicated in the left-hand column, or, as I said a while ago, you can accept a paid-up policy at the uniform rate, which in your case would be equivalent to $3,400. Now, I suppose the question presents itself to your mind: 'In

what respect does this proposition vary from one that might be offered by an old-line insurance company'?"

It is possible that such a question has presented itself, but the probability is that you are wondering what it is all about.

Your mind gropes through the murk of technical verbiage as Mr. Conway proceeds to elucidate the difference between his proposition and one that might be made by an old-line company.

"In the first place, we apply the premium direct and compute the insurance at the rate of $2.06 a year per $1,000, so that the entire residue goes into the sinking fund and there it draws compound interest for you at the rate of four per cent. per annum. This is made possible under our new system of reducing operating expenses to a minimum and putting the executive department into the hands of men who do not seek pecuniary reward, but are actuated by unselfish and philanthropic motives. Now in this twenty-year automatic policy, which you will probably prefer to any of the others when you have given the matter thorough study, you pay in $2,247.67 and you get at the end of twenty years your $5,000, to say nothing of the incidental protection during that period. Now, in one of the old-line companies you would pay in

$4,862.54, so that we save you $2,600 right there, as well as guaranteeing to you the privilege of withdrawal and the computation of interest, or the acceptance of a paid-up policy. Doesn't that strike you as a generous proposition?"

There can be but one answer to this question. You must say "Yes."

Suppose you say "No." He will ask you, "Well, to what particular feature of the policy would you object?"

Then you would be helpless.

If you were to say that you didn't know what he was talking about and that all his arguments were as Greek or Sanscrit, that would be evidence of a feeble understanding, because he gave you to understand at the beginning that he was going to be simple and direct.

There is but one way in which to cover your confusion of mind, and that is to nod gravely and say "Yes."

However, this is a dangerous thing to do. The moment that you say "Yes," that becomes a practical admission on your part that you are partly under conviction.

Immediately he does the magician's trick. He pulls a huge book from under his coat (you wonder how he

managed to conceal it) and begins to fill out an application for a policy.

Here you must enter a protest or you are lost. It must be an emphatic protest. You must give some specific reason for not desiring a policy. Whatever that reason may be, he is ready to bombard and demolish it with unanswerable arguments, business proverbs, and figures of speech. Hundreds of men have given him that same reason at various times, and he has studied out his reply, rehearsed it carefully, and fortified himself at every point.

So when you start in to dispute ground with Mr. Conway you are in the position of a bewildered novice who is going against the champion of the world.

If you say that you have all the insurance you can carry, he will demonstrate to you that you have not. If you mention that you are investing all of your money, he will prove to you that his company offers the only safe and profitable field for investment. If you raise the point that you are unmarried and have no one dependent upon you and therefore feel no disposition to carry insurance, he will produce a green book and read the figures to prove that of every 1,000 men who, at the age of thirty-four, announce that they never will marry, no less than 860 afterward weaken and go to the altar, and this, too, at a time of

life when the insurance rates are becoming very high.

So you see, there is no chance for you. The only thing to do is to take out a policy for any amount that he may suggest.

It is a boarding-house privilege to sit on the front stoop at dusk. The rooms are small and stuffy. Our landlady cannot afford to provide a roof-garden when rates are $5 per week per person, or $9 a week for a married couple, provided the husband will agree not to come home to luncheon.

On this evening in June we noticed the two across the way. These two sat on the stone steps in front of what had been an aristocratic residence five years after the fire. Lest it should degenerate into a ruin, it had become a boarding-house. We lived in a street of boarding-houses.

The house was of three stories and the architecture was gloomy and most respectable. The basement, which was really the ground floor, had been thrown into one long dining-room, and here, when the lights were on, we could see the boarders flocked at a series of rectangular tables sparsely set with glass and white ware. It was much like our own ground floor.

The three floors above this tunnel-like dining-room were filled with families and roomers. We had come

to know two old men who went in and out at irregular intervals. Then there were at least three elderly women, and the tall one with the military bearing was generally supposed to be the mistress of the boarding department. In addition to these there was the usual straggle of men. The time to see them was near 7.45 each morning as they came slamming out of the house, one after another, and raced away to their eight-o'clock jobs. Three children played in front of the house occasionally, or else looked out from the second-story window.

Then there was the girl. She was with a young man who did not belong to the establishment, as we suspected at the time and came to know later on. His summer suit was a real triumph in soft grey, and the straw hat was in the very moment of fashion, being woven of rough straw, the rim very narrow and the ribbon a dazzling tricolour. We could see that he was young and self-satisfied. We felt that perhaps he boarded at an $8 house.

The men on our stoop preferred to look at the young woman. She had spread a rug on the landing above the top step and sat in a kind of oriental sprawl, looking down at the young man, who was two steps below. Her shirt-waist was of some light material, and the skirt was of a darker stuff, and her brown hair

was wavy and rebellious. Also, she was very pretty, with eyes and lips, etc. This is a man's description, of course. Our two young women criticised her apparel, but the men silently agreed with the law-student when he said, "She suits *me*."

The majority of us were country-born and we had not overcome that early habit, honestly inherited, of taking a lively interest in the affairs of other people. So we watched the two across the way and talked about them. The men were inwardly jealous of the attractive youth in the grey suit, and the young women were outwardly displeased at his lack of taste.

The two sat on the front steps and looked at each other steadily, talking but little. After a little while one of the roomers came out and joined the two on the steps. He was a confident young man with a toss of hair on his forehead and a grating haw-haw laugh, intended to be a token of sociability.

For a few minutes he had the conversation all to himself. Then the two came to an agreement, evidently through some code known only to themselves, for they came down the steps and sauntered away together, leaving the hairy young man to trim his nails and smoke his cigar in solitary self-satisfaction.

We saw them again, a night or two after that.

They sat together on the steps until one of the

women came out to join them, and they wandered away into the twilight, their arms touching.

In a little while we had learned his average. It was three times a week. They seemed most happy when there was no third person near. A happy sign.

It is tantalising to assist in a love-affair and not know the names.

She did not hurry away in the morning with the other eight-o'clock sleepy-heads, but our landlady said that usually she went out at ten, returning not later than four. If she was not regularly employed, perhaps she was merely visiting the woman who took boarders. Probably this woman was her aunt. Mere speculation, all of it.

The young man usually approached from the south. Presumably he lived on the south side. A poor fragment of unsatisfactory evidence.

After two or three weeks, when any one of the boarders spoke of "he" it was known that he referred to the young man across the way. The girl was "she" —the couple "they."

The new bulletins came at breakfast and dinner. They were somewhat after the style of the following:

"*They* went again last night."

"A messenger boy brought a note to-day. I suppose it was from *him*."

"*She* sat at the window for nearly an hour to-day and seemed, oh, so lonesome!"

"*They* were out walking all afternoon."

"A boy brought a box this afternoon. It looked like a box of flowers. I suppose they were for *her*."

As the colder weather came on and the days were shorter, the men had little opportunity to learn for themselves what was happening. The women made two important discoveries:

1. *She* was doing a great deal of department-store shopping, for the shiny waggons from State Street stopped in front of the place nearly every day.

2. *She* now had as a companion an older woman, who accompanied her as she went out each day.

Was this woman her mother? How could she afford to buy so many clothes? Was it possible that the young man was paying for her trousseau? What were in the boxes?

No one at our boarding-house could answer these questions, but the young women built a romance around the slender framework of circumstantial evidence. The young man was rich and the girl the daughter of an aristocratic widow who had lost her property, and the young man's parents opposed the match because the girl was poor and had to live in a boarding-house, but the young man, thank heaven,

was true to the girl he loved, and so the mother had come from the old home and had made every sacrifice in order that her daughter might be married in proper style, and so they were to be united and fly away to a honeymoon in Florida, and then come back to live forever in a magnificent flat with rugs and things and their own servants.

We hoped that it might be true, and it came about sooner than we had expected.

When we trooped home the other evening the landlady and her daughter were throbbing with information. It had happened!

The arrival of two carriages first caused comment. The landlady had said to her daughter, "I wonder who"—but there is no need of recounting all that.

Strange people came—strange people in their best clothes. This was near twelve o'clock. Then a preacher—walking. Any one could have told he was a preacher—sickly looking man in black. Then *he* came. Lovely! Black clothes—silk hat. Then other people—on foot. The landlady and her daughter straining their eyes to see what was happening inside the house.

About 1.30 the front door opened. Carriage in waiting. Bride looked sweet and wore a going-away gown of—but no! courage fails. Every one waved

and said good-bye. The landlady (not ours) and the other woman (suspected to be the mother) stood on the steps and watched the carriage until it was out of sight. The other woman cried a little. She must have been the mother.

Alackaday! It is all over. The tingle of romance has gone out of our street.

MR. LINDSAY ON "SAN JEWAN"

MR. LINDSAY ON "SAN JEWAN"

It was at the breakfast-table that Mr. Scott Lindsay, a veteran of the real war, read something about the anniversary of the battle of San Juan and began to rattle the paper.

"Now, now!" said Mrs. Lindsay, calmly, for she knew his tantrums.

"Great grief, mother!" he exclaimed, looking across the table at his wife. "Here's somethin' that'd make old Sherman turn over in his grave. They're goin' to celebrate the anniversary of the battle of San Jewan. *Thunderation!* The *battle* of San Jewan! BATTLE! Gosh, all fish-hooks! BATTLE! Say, if the old boys that 'uz with the Army o' the Tennessee ever started in to celebrate the anniversary of every durned little popgun skirmish like that battle o' San Jewan, we wouldn't do nothin' but celebrate, day in and day out, from one year's end to another. We'd have to git up in the night and annyverserate. *Battle!* Battle nothin'! W'y, around Vicksburg there we used to roll out in the mornin' an' fight three or four o' them bat-

tles just to whet our appetites. We didn't call 'em battles, though. We knew the difference between a battle and a ras'berry festival."

"Oh, well, father, you must make some allowances," said Mrs. Lindsay. "These boys don't remember the other war."

"I guess they don't—I just good an' guess they don't. If they did, they wouldn't be steppin' so high. There's a blamed sight o' difference between chasin' some runt of a dago with a white feather in each hand an' chasin' a six-foot Johnny Reb that jus' raises up on his everlastin' hind legs an' comes at you like a runaway horse, breathin' smoke out of his nose an' ears, by gory, an' yellin' like an Injun. It's easy enough to chase anything that runs the other way, but this hero job's got its drawbacks when the other feller gits it into his head that *he* wants to do the chasin' an' swoops out o' the woods like an Ioway cyclone, by gosh, pumpin' lead into you till you git too heavy to run. Battle! When we had 'em stacked up till we couldn't see over 'em, an' every rigiment 'uz whittled down to a company an' our flags 'uz blown into carpet rags an' the blood got so deep it wet the ammanition in the waggons, we used to begin to *suspect* that we'd had a battle. Somethin' a little less argymentative than that we called a skirmish. Anything the size o'

this San Jewan *basket-meetin'* we didn't keep no tally of at all. That kind o' come under the head o' target-practice."

"I wouldn't be too hard on 'em, father. They say these boys fought real well down there in Cuby."

"Well, to see 'em cavortin' around town here in their cowboy hats and gassin' in front of every store, you'd think, by cracky, that every one of 'em had chawed up a thousand o' them Spanish generals, whiskers an' all. You take some old codger that crawled through them swamps for four years, dodgin' minie-balls and nothin' to keep him alive but hardtack an' hot slough-water, an' he ain't in it no more with one o' these cussed little whipper-snappers, by ginger, that—well, you ought to heard old Cap Nesbit the other night after post-meetin'. He made a few remarks about these kid soldiers that wouldn't pass muster in a crowd o' women, but they was satisfyin' to *me*."

"I don't see why Cap Nesbit wants to pick onto these boys," said Mrs. Lindsay. "I think they deserve a lot o' credit for enlistin' an' goin' down there in that hot country to fight."

"Enlistin's all right an' fightin's all right, *if* you *do* it. I don't begrudge no man the credit of goin' out an' fightin' for his country. These boys done well as far as they went, but I don't want no kid to tell me

what war is till he's been through one. These young fellers got a sniff o' blood, and now they think they've been through the slaughter-house. There's old Dan Bailey that got shot so often he didn't mind it at all toward the last, laid in Andersonville till he was a rack of bones, come home here lookin' like a corpse and ain't seen a well day since, and he ain't as big a man in this town to-day as that grandson o' his that went down there to Porty Rico an' laid in a hammock for six months, smokin' cigarettes. He's what they call a hero now—had an ice-cream reception for him when he come home, didn't they? I don't rickollect that anybody had an ice-cream reception for old Dan when *he* come home. Heroes wuzn't quite so gosh blamed scarce about that time. Nobody paid any attention to 'em. They used to ship 'em in here by the carload, and most of 'em went right on through town an' out to the graveyard. W'y, these boys, they rode down to that dress-parade in Cuby in sleepin'-cars! With a nigger to brush 'em off an' bring ice-water! Great Jehoshaphat! I'd like to seen somebody ask old Griggs for a sleepin'-car. I'd like to heard what he'd say. Sleepin'-cars! We wuz tickled to death to git box-cars, cattle-cars—anything on wheels. We didn't need no porter to brush our cloze, for the darned good reason that we didn't have no cloze to brush. Then

there wuz all that talk about embammed beef. We'd a been mighty glad to git it—embammed, petrified, mouldy, or any other way. We thought we wuz lucky if we could git a hunk o' salt pork to drop in with the beans now an' then. We wuzn't out on no moonlight excursion, playin' tag with a lot o' tambourine-players. We wuz out in the underbrush, dad ding my buttons, havin' it out with the toughest lot o' human panthers that ever wore cloze. An' yit, like as not, if we go to breakin' in on this San Jewan celebration, we'll git a back seat in the gallery. We ain't heroes. No! W'y, on Decoration Day these kids marched in front, every one of 'em puffed up like a toad in a thunder-storm—bigger man than old Grant, as the feller says. Now, they're goin' to celebrate the annyversary of San Jewan. Sufferin' Cornelius! There wuz another likely skirmish about the same time o' year. *Gettysburg*, I think they called it. Wonder why somebody don't celebrate *that!*"

THE STENOGRAPHIC PROPOSAL

THE STENOGRAPHIC PROPOSAL

The persons concerned were Walter Humphries, James K. Willington, and the Mrs. Willington who had been Miss Laura Babbitt before it happened.

Willington was "James K." Willington—not "James" or "J. K."—for in this world of shoulder-slappers he never had allowed any one to "Jim" him. Therefore he was a successful lawyer whose very dignity carried him a long way.

Miss Laura Babbitt was in mourning when she came into the office. Her father, lately gone to the reward of all lawyers, had been a power in the community. He had made speeches at mass-meetings and more than once he had shaken the challenge of private debate at all who doubted the efficacy of infant baptism or believed there could be any virtue in a protective tariff.

He was beloved by a large household, to which he bequeathed a library and a tin box containing the proofs that he had given several mortgages. A few weeks after his death, Laura Babbitt, turned twenty-three, gave up her water-colours and her painting on

china and came to the office of James K. Willington to do type-writing.

James K. Willington and Laura Babbitt's father had always disagreed as to baptism and the tariff, and so they had been great friends. They would meet in the Babbitt library of a Sunday afternoon and pound back and forth with great earnestness, coming out at tea-time, both flushed, happy, and thoroughly unconvinced.

Ezra Babbitt never had taken to his heart any man who agreed with him on all the main propositions. In the presence of any one who assented willingly, Ezra Babbitt's arguments were like so many blows that find no resistance, and so merely wrench and strain the one who delivers them. His plea would settle into a mere vapoury sermon. James K. Willington disputed so well that Ezra Babbitt prized him as an athlete prizes a punching-bag that pugnaciously comes back when struck, and cannot be hammered to a standstill.

They were staunch friends.

Laura Babbitt did her work at James K. Willington's law-office with cheerfulness and resignation, as if she were realising an ambition, but Walter Humphries knew that she didn't belong in a law-office. Humphries was the law-student of the office. He read law spasmodically, and was learning stenography so that

he could be a court reporter while he was waiting for practice.

And some day he was going to take Laura Babbitt out of an office and establish her as queen of a flat, or possibly a house. He had not apprised her of his plans, but they were large and he regarded them as unselfish.

Humphries never suspected James K. Willington.

He had observed that his superior was considerate of Miss Babbitt's wishes and made her work light, but he was unprepared for what happened. (It may be noted at this time that Laura Babbitt was and Mrs. James K. Willington *is* a very good-looking young woman. However, that is mere detail.)

Humphries sat at his table just outside of James K. Willington's private office. Perhaps Willington had forgotten that Humphries was there. That would be a reasonable conclusion in the knowledge of what happened later.

Laura Babbitt came in from luncheon, and seeing James K. Willington in his office, went in to speak to him, nodding to Humphries as she passed.

The law student was practising his pot-hooks at the time. According to habit, he began "taking" the conversation in the room just behind him. He didn't realise that he was a guilty eavesdropper until it was

too late, and then he went on taking notes because he knew that such a record might prove interesting.

This is the conversation. Mr. Willington began it:

"Hello, there."

"How do you do? I finished that, Mr. Willington."

"Is that so? How was the writing?"

"It wasn't so bad. One word there bothered me some."

"I'm a very careless penman. I suppose most lawyers are bad writers. Your father wrote a remarkable hand."

"Didn't he, though?"

"Sit down, Miss Babbitt. I—I believe I told you I'd been wanting to get up and see your mother some time this week about that Thomas matter. How is she?"

"She's well—that is, fairly well."

"That's good. So she doesn't worry—that's the main thing. How does she like the notion of your working down here?"

"Well, you know she told me to do what I thought was best."

"Yes? Well, how do *you* like it by this time?"

"I don't mind it."

"Well, I don't know. How about that new paper I had sent over—any better?"

"Yes, it writes first-rate."

"Does it? I didn't know. I told him to send something better than that last. You've kept Grace at school, haven't you?"

"Yes, oh, yes. I want her to go for quite a while yet."

"That's right. I'd keep her there as long as I could. I know what your father's wishes would have been. She wants to get out and do something, too—isn't that it?"

"She thinks she might—might be able to do something."

"Yes. Let's see, I'm not keeping you from any work, am I?"

"No, unless you can think of something. I haven't had much to do lately. I feel sometimes as if I really wasn't much help."

"No, you mustn't feel that way."

"Thank you, I don't suppose I could have gone to work for any one who would have been more considerate."

"It seems to be a beautiful day outside."

"Isn't it though? It's warmer, too."

"You'd better take off your hat. Isn't it a bad thing to wear a hat in the house?"

"That's a man for you! This hat doesn't weigh anything."

"Doesn't it? It is—what is it, new?"

"New? Gracious me, I had it all last summer."

"It looks new. There was something I wanted to discuss with you."

"Yes?"

"I'm—it puts me in rather an awkward position. I don't know that I can make myself clear. Now—ah—when you came to see me about getting this position here in the office, had you noticed an—well, any hesitancy on my part?"

"I can't say that I did."

"Well, to tell you the truth, I didn't like the idea of your coming here as an employé."

"Why, Mr. Willington!"

"Understand me! I was delighted to have you here and I knew that your services would be valuable, but I did not like to put you in the position of, apparently, being under obligations to me. I didn't want you to feel that way."

"But I couldn't very well help it. I *am* under obligations to you. All of us are very grateful, I'm sure."

"If you are, I don't suppose I can help it, but what I want you to understand is that whatever I have done for you and your mother has been done because of my friendship for your father and not for the purpose

of exercising an undue—ah—influence on you or to prejudice you in favour of any proposition which you might, otherwise, be inclined to reject."

"I don't know what in the world you are talking about."

"Let us take a hypothetical case. A is very fond of B—regards her as a superior and altogether charming woman. Although cognisant of his own unworthiness, he has about decided to make a formal proposal of marriage to this party of the second part—B, we have called her. Let us suppose that he does not wish to show haste in making his offer for two reasons, namely: in the first place B has suffered a family bereavement and it might not be regarded seemly and seasonable to speak of marriage at almost the moment when it is discovered that B is in need of financial assistance. Might not B suspect that his action is inspired by a sympathetic impulse or a sudden pity, in which case a woman of proud spirit might—well—she might resent an offer coming at such a time? Do you follow me?"

"Yes—I think I do."

"Very well. Now then! This is the situation. A is very desirous of making the proposition to B but he chooses to wait for the proper and opportune time and then to make it in such a manner and under such

conditions as will permit B to speak her mind freely and have the knowledge that she is under no duress whatsoever. But suppose that in the interim, while A is waiting, with more or less impatience, for affairs to shape themselves so that he may come forward with his proposal, B approaches him and requests him to do what she is pleased to regard as a rather important favour. A does not feel that what he does in her behalf merits any large degree of gratitude, but he finds himself in a delicate position, fearing that if he goes ahead and makes a proposal of marriage, B will more than ever be compelled to question the motives of his previous conduct and feel that he has brought undue influence to bear. Now, perhaps, you will understand what I mean when I say I am almost sorry that I consented to your coming into the office."

"Mr. Willington, I think you're making a great deal out of nothing. I've known you for years. There's nothing you could do, or would do, that would make me change my opinion of you."

"If I were to make a proposal of marriage to you, and if, for any reason, you felt that your future happiness would not be conduced by an acceptance of it, would you feel at liberty to express yourself freely and fully?"

"I'm sure I should. I wouldn't marry a man merely

because he had been my father's friend and had helped me to employment."

"You would have to entertain for him a regard entirely separate from the mere feeling of gratitude."

"Most assuredly."

"Very well, then—I am going to ask you to take the matter under advisement."

"Well, this almost takes my breath away."

"I am ten or twelve years older than you are."

"That doesn't make any difference. I mean——"

"I do not urge an immediate answer. If you are in doubt as to what you had better do, speak to your mother."

"I'll speak to her to-night. But I think—I'm pretty sure, it's all right."

"I'll call this evening if you say so."

"I wish you would."

"I am glad I have been able to present this to you in such a way as to——"

"Oh, pshaw! As if you could offend me! I've always liked you better than any other man I ever knew."

"Really?"

Humphries could "take" no more. He tiptoed from the room, his heart at zero.

THE RELATIVES' CLUB

THE RELATIVES' CLUB

Mr. Newe and Miss Wise were seated on the broad veranda at the Rivulet County Club. Other persons were seated on the same veranda, viewing their neighbours apprehensively. Still others were standing out in the sunshine, bare-headed and bare-armed, so as to hurry the tanning process.

The billowy green, stretching far away to the south, was dotted with wiggly white figures and bright-red spots—distant golf-players. "Distant" refers to their being far away from the club-house and does not bear on their personal characteristics.

It should be explained that Mr. Newe was a stranger and a barbarian.

Miss Wise: "Do you see that girl with the splendid colour?"

Mr. Newe: "The saddle-coloured one?"

She: "Yes, the one with the lovely tan."

He: "What about her?"

She: "That's Miss Transem."

He: "Where does she work?"

She: "*Surely* you've heard of the Transems.

Don't you remember that Julia Transem, the oldest girl, was quite a belle in Washington for several seasons? She married that Allison Alexander, son of Senator Alexander, and he drank himself to death or did something."

He: "Who is the intellectual giant talking to her there?"

She: "Don't you know him?"

He: "I've seen his picture in *Life*, but there wasn't any name under it."

She: "Why, that's Jack Grubbley. You know he's a nephew of the big Grubbley in New York—the one that every one knows about. What *was* his name? Oh, yes!—K. Sturtevant Grubbley. They were very wealthy and one night his wife jumped out of the window, wearing all her diamonds."

He: "Whose wife? This fellow's?"

She: "No, no. The wife of K. Sturtevant Grubbley. The nephew came to Chicago about that time. That's why I remember it so well. He seems to be invited everywhere."

He: "On account of the diamonds or simply because she jumped out of the window?"

She: "Well, you know, his father is quite prominent too. Wasn't he the one who was black-balled by the Metropolitan Club in New York?"

He: "I *hope* so."

She: "Did you see the girl who came to the doorway just now and looked out?"

He: "The red-headed one?"

She: "Sh—h—h! For mercy's sake, if any one heard you say that! You know the Cervelats practically run this club. That was Miss Effie Cervelat."

He: "I am still unimpressed. What is her particular grip on publicity?"

She: "Didn't you ever hear of the Cervelat failure? You know her father was all mixed up in that Interstate Bank case. It was supposed that he lost a million dollars, but they've been living right along in the same style ever since."

He: "I'm sorry now that I didn't take a good look at her."

She: "Her mother and old Mrs. Briggs practically govern the exclusive set on the south side. Do you see the stout woman over there by the post? Yes, the one with the two moles. She's a sister of Mrs. Briggs."

He: "That's a peculiar thing. I've been looking at her for several minutes, and I never suspected her of anything."

She: "Her name is Solder. She was a Knobbs before she was married. Perhaps you've heard of her

cousin, General Knobbs. He's in the army or something."

He: "I'm afraid not. It's strange, too. It doesn't seem possible that a military commander with such a cousin could escape notoriety for any length of time."

She: "Look! Don't turn your head, but merely glance over toward the corner. Do you see that boy with the big eyes?"

He: "Do you mean the caddy?"

She: "That isn't a caddy—that's Emerson Stoughton, Jr. Every one has heard of Emerson Stoughton."

He: "Junior?"

She: "No, his father. They say he owns nearly all of Dearborn Street. You know that they tell the most dreadful stories about him."

He: "The fact that he owns nearly all of Dearborn Street is dreadful enough!"

She: "You know Em isn't very bright."

He: "By 'Em' you mean——"

She: "Emerson, Junior."

He: "You surprise me. I've been watching him light that cigarette and he did it well. He has been trained, I suppose—educated?"

She: "Yes; he was at Harvard for four years—in the freshman class, I believe."

He: "Who is that tall one he just spoke to? By George, *she'll do.*"

She: "Her name is Elliott. No one seems to know much about her."

He: "No aunt that jumped out of the window; no father that soaked the stockholders; no cousins in the army; no sister that married any one—how in the world did she ever break in here?"

She: "Well, she was brought out here by the Prudelys. You've heard of Mrs. Prudely. She is a daughter of W. K. Bowser, the great dealer in fertilisers."

He: "Oh, well, if she comes with the daughter of a fertiliser, I suppose that gives her a certain standing."

She: "They say that Emerson is really fond of her, and I've even heard that they were engaged. I think it would be terrible for him to go and marry her."

He: "Horrible!"

She: "No one knows anything about her."

He: "I suppose she must be after his money. Can you think of any other explanation?"

She: "But you don't realise the situation. No one knows anything about her, and she might get hold of poor little Emerson and make him do almost anything."

He: "But she might do the same thing even if they knew all about her. Besides, if she gets such an influence over him she may induce him to wear a different kind of shirt. Ah, Emerson has a rival. Who is the other young man talking to the stately Miss Elliott?"

She: "That is Mr. Blodgett, grandson of the Blodgett that made so much money in the grain business."

He: "You ought to change the name of this club and call it the Relatives' Club. Do all the others out there, going the rounds, have the same kind of notorious kin?"

She: "Don't be sarcastic. I'm simply telling so that you may know who these people are."

He: "I understand—so I may be on my guard. I dare say if these people around here knew that my uncle Blaisdell was shot twice in Quincy, Illinois, they might pay a little more attention to me."

GEORGE'S RETURN

GEORGE'S RETURN

Patrolman Curley tapped with his club against the pickets and the gate-posts as he strolled past the long row of frame buildings in Woolover Street. It was a misty, moonlight night, and Patrolman Curley had just pulled the one o'clock box at the corner to let the station know that he was alive.

As he passed the wooden houses, with the roofs peaked to a uniform height and the front stoops built all alike, he reflected that there was little need of a policeman along such a street. No burglars would have been attracted to the neighbourhood, and the residents were too tired from hard work to remain up at night and be disorderly.

Patrolman Curley supposed that he had the whole street to himself until he glanced ahead and saw a man leaning against the fence. As he came nearer the man asked: "This ain't Gillespie, is it?"

"No, sir, this is Curley."

"There used to be a fellow named Gillespie on this beat."

"He's up at Maxwell Street now."

"Well, maybe you can tell me. Does—ah—does Mrs. Fisher still live here at 852?"

"How should I know? I don't keep acquainted with all the people on my beat."

"Will you go up to the door with me till I find out?"

"Can't you find out for yourself? What's the matter—somebody sick?"

"No—I'll tell you. She's my wife."

"Well, if she's your wife you don't need me to introduce you, do you?"

"To tell you the truth, officer, I don't know whether she'll be glad to see me or not. I've been away since a year ago last winter."

"You'd better come around in the daytime, my friend. Here at one o'clock in the morning is no time for settlin' old family troubles."

"I'd like mighty well to see her to-night, if she's in there."

"Why didn't you come around early in the evening?"

"I didn't get in town till to-night. I've been looking for a friend of mine—couldn't find him."

"Well, what good can I do?"

"You just come up with me to let her know it's all right. If I call her out of bed she may come to the front door and see me and think I've come back to

make trouble for her. Then again, if she's still mad at me, I don't want to quarrel with her at all. I'll go away in a peaceable manner. I'm a law-abiding citizen, and I always have been. I want you for a witness to what happens right here to-night."

"What was your trouble about anyway? Another man?"

"No, sir; I never thought that Maude cared for any one besides me."

"Maude!"

"That's her name, officer—Maude. We'd been married ten years before we had this trouble, and if I told you now what made it, you wouldn't hardly believe me."

"Well, what was it? Y' can't keep me up. I'm here till four o'clock."

"We'd never had any fallin' out, you know. Why, we've got a boy, Bertrand, that's eight years old now and got more sense than both of us put together. I don't know how to begin to tell you. You know these continuous shows, don't you?"

"Yes."

"Well, me and Maude never went to the theatre much after we moved to Chicago because Bertrand was a baby and we couldn't take him with us. After he got a little older, though, we went once in a while

I had a good job over at the desk factory, but I never believed in wastin' money and didn't care much for shows anyway. Maude liked to go and talked a good deal about every show we went to, but, as I say, I didn't feel that I could afford to pay out a dollar or two every week for foolishness. But when these continuous shows started, so that she could go any afternoon and get a good seat for thirty cents, she got crazy on the theatre. She could take Bertrand along and hold him on her lap, and of course there wasn't much housework to do, and I s'pose she must have went to those places about three days out of every week. I wouldn't have cared for that so much, because I think a woman ought to enjoy herself, but she got so that she couldn't think of anything or talk of anything but variety shows. She was singin' darkey songs around the house all the time and tellin' these jokes she'd heard, and she got so she knew the names of all them variety actors, and she used to say that So-and-So had a good act, and somebody else was poor, and somebody else ought to change their performance, and so on."

"So that's why you shook her?" asked Patrolman Curley.

"No—hold on. There's another side to the story. Just about the time she was takin' in all the cheap shows in town I went with a friend of mine named Dan

Jerrold to see a spiritual exhibition over at a widow woman's house near Twenty-sixth Street. It was the first thing of the kind I ever saw, and I thought there was something to it. I did, honest. I talked to my father through this medium and got messages from some friends of mine, and I s'pose I was purty well worked up about it for a few weeks and couldn't think of much else. Well, when I tried to talk spiritualism to Maude, she simply had a fit. She just hollered and laughed and that was all. It made me so mad, I said she'd better stop gaddin' around to variety shows and pay attention to something serious. In fact, I told her in so many words that she mustn't go to any more theatres with Bertrand unless I went along. She went, just the same. Then we had it. Before long we got so we couldn't speak without gettin' into a quarrel. One day we had it hot and heavy and I just up and told her I was goin' to leave. She told me to get out and never come back. The house was in her name already and I turned over the bank-book to her and started for Birmingham. I knew she wouldn't starve, for if she got hard up she could sell the place and go back to her father's folks. They're well off."

"And you haven't heard from her since?"

"Not direct from her—no. Before I left here I went to Dan Jerrold and told him to write me once

in a while and let me know how she was gettin' along. After I got to Birmingham he wrote to me that my brother had come here to live with her, and that she seemed to be enjoyin' herself. That was a year ago last spring. I was in Alabama all summer, but in the fall I went to Florida and worked as a carpenter all winter; pulled up and went over to New Orleens in the spring, and got back to Birmingham here about a month ago. When I got there I found a letter for me advertised in the newspaper. I went around and got it. It was from Dan Jerrold. He said my wife had been askin' about me and seemed to be worried. I'd made him promise not to tell her where I was, and he said he hadn't told her. He said she'd changed a good deal and didn't go to shows any more and he had a notion that she'd like to live with me again. Now the funny part of it is that before I got this letter I'd changed my opinion about this spiritualism business."

"When you're dead, you're dead," observed Patrolman Curley, judicially.

"Yes, I guess that's right. W'y, I saw a fellow in Montgomery one night go into a cabinet and do every blamed thing that I ever saw at a seance. Then he showed just how he worked it, and I could see that I'd probably been fooled by these people here at the widow woman's. The more I thought about it, the less I

blamed Maude for makin' fun of me. Then when I got this letter from Dan it kind o' decided me to come back to Chicago. I finished some work I was at and collected a little money due me, and come along. Our train was late. We got in here about eleven o'clock and I went over to the place where Dan Jerrold used to board. I thought I'd see him first and find out how things stood. Well, he'd moved somewheres and they couldn't tell me where. I went to two or three places where I thought he might be, but I couldn't get track of him, so I thought I'd come out here. After I got here, I didn't know what to do. I was afraid that mebbe somebody else lived in the house. When I saw you comin' I wondered if it was Gillespie, so I waited."

Patrolman Curley bored the gate-post with his club and nodded his head in quiet laughter.

"You're a wonder," he said. "What's the name again?"

"Fisher—George Fisher."

"Come on, George."

The policeman climbed up to the front door and pounded with his club. He paused, and for a few moments there was a death-like quiet. George Fisher, on the lower step, had taken off his hat and was wiping his brow with a red handkerchief.

Once more the club rattled noisily against the panels,

and as Patrolman Curley stopped to listen, a timid voice from behind the door asked: "What is it?"

"It's her!" whispered George.

"Is this Mrs. Fisher?" asked the policeman.

"Yes—yes, sir. Who is it? What do you want?"

"It's all right. Don't be afraid. I'm a police officer. Go on; open the door."

"Well, what do you *want?*"

"I want to tell you something, my good woman. It's all right—open the door."

There was a hesitating turn of the lock. The door squeaked back and the tousled head of a woman in white appeared in the narrow opening.

"What in the world is it?" she asked.

"A man here wants to see you."

"Who is he? What about?"

"He says he's your husband."

"George?"

"It's me, Maude," said George, meekly.

He had been hidden by the big patrolman, but now he moved up a step.

"Well, of all things!" exclaimed the woman, peeking through the doorway.

"Do you want him to come in?" asked the policeman.

"Well, George Fisher, of all the fool tricks. Comin' around here this time of night with a policeman!"

"I just got in town," said George, in a husky voice.

"Well, get in here, for mercy's sake! What will the neighbours say, hearin' such a racket at this time of night?"

The door opened, with Maude discreetly hiding behind it.

George sidled in and Patrolman Curley heard him ask: "Is Bert at home?"

Before there was time for an answer the door slammed.

Patrolman Curley turned. The street was again quiet in the misty moonlight. He hit the gate-post a noisy thwack as he passed it.

"George and Maude! Glory be to Ireland!"

HARRY AND ETHEL

HARRY AND ETHEL

A conversation between Harry and Ethel.

Ethel: "Is it cold outside?"

Harry: "Yes, I believe it is."

"Don't you know?"

"Yes, I know it is—horribly cold. You can tell by the frost on the windows."

"Do you have any trouble in keeping your house warm?"

"I don't believe so—hadn't noticed."

"Hadn't noticed what?"

"What was it you asked me?"

"I asked you if that was a new cravat."

"No, it's an old one. That isn't what you asked me."

"Yes, it is. I think it's perfectly lovely."

"Do you? I don't like it very well myself."

"I don't see why. It's awfully becoming."

"Do you really think so?"

"Yes, I do, really. Now don't go to fixing it, or you'll spoil it. It was just right before."

"All right, I'll hold still."

"You don't like white ties, do you?"

"No—except on somebody else."

"What's your objection to them?"

"They have a professional look, or rather, a suggestion of advertising your business. When I see a man with a white tie, I always conclude that he is either a minister or a bartender."

"But Mr. Hotchkiss wears a white tie, and he isn't either."

"Hotchkiss isn't anything worth speaking of."

"Oh, Harry, if Sister Laura heard you say that."

"Well, I wouldn't care very much. She must know by this time that I have no use for him. The idea! In this day and age of the world, and in Chicago, of all places, a man—a male man—letting his hair grow long, putting on nose-glasses and a white tie, and starting out to lecture before afternoon clubs on—what is it he lectures on, anyway?"

"Oh, the True Somethingness of Beauty, I guess it is. Laura says he's terribly bright. She says there are very few people that appreciate him."

"She's dead right about that. I know of twenty men that will pay him any price to come over to the club and put on the gloves. But the women seem to think he's all right."

"Oh, some of them do, or they pretend to. Just at this minute he is a novelty, a fad."

"Just at this minute and every other minute he is—a freak. Why do women get stuck on that kind of a fellow?"

"They don't—except for a little while. They merely take him up, just to be doing."

"Just to be done, you mean."

"Do you know, just now Laura thinks he is the cutest thing! But that's like her. She's always crazy about something or other, but never more than one thing at a time. If it isn't mental science, it's an automobile or a dog or French lessons or something. I think it's a blessing that a person can't be crazy on too many subjects at the same time, don't you? But I must confess that Hotchkiss is about the worst attack she's had. And it makes her so mad because I snub him."

"What difference does it make to her how you treat him?"

"Well, I think she labours under the delusion that he would be a happy addition to our family. She can't marry him, because she is already tied up to a commonplace, every-day broomstick of an old man, who works in the office fourteen hours a day so as to keep her supplied with luxuries."

"Such as lecturers."

"Yes—lecturers, antique furniture, and Chihuahua dogs. As I tell you, she can't marry Mr. Hotchkiss herself while Henry cumbers the earth, and so she has generously turned him over to me."

"You're not serious, are you?"

"I am, really."

"You don't mean to say that she has actually—suggested—such—a—thing—as your taking up with *it* —with that?"

"Well, not in so many words, but she has sung his praises to me early and late, and is simply furious whenever I show the slightest inclination to make fun of him. She has assured me that he is distinctly superior to any other man of my acquaintance."

"Especially me, I suppose."

"Yes, I think she meant you in particular. She says that Mr. Hotchkiss lives in another sphere—that he has lifted himself above the sordid and something-or-other considerations and so-on of the whole thingumbob."

"Indeed! I'd like to lift him still farther. Great grief! Wouldn't he be a dandy piece of bric-à-brac to have around the house seven days in the week—always with a white necktie, writing lectures on pink paper! Your sister's a nice woman, but I don't think

much of her judgment when she tries to pair you off with that—that——"

"Oh, go ahead and say it. I've heard it on the stage so often that I'm becoming hardened to it."

"Your sister has it in for me, hasn't she?"

"Why, Harry! I don't think so."

"Yes, you *do* think so, too, and you know so, too. She objects to my coming around to see you so often."

"But you don't come often."

"There are seven nights in the week. I have been here six out of the seven."

"Of course, you do come often, but what I mean is, that you don't come too often."

"Well, it isn't too often for me, as long as you don't mind. But you can depend upon it, when she says sarcastic things about the young men of your acquaintance, she means me."

"Do you really think so?"

"Of course. You probably haven't heard it yourself, but there is a rumour all over the south side that I am head over heels in love with you, and that if you refuse me I am going to throw myself in front of an Illinois Central train."

"Why, Harry! How you go on!"

"Even the guv'nor—who is about the last man on

earth to catch on to anything—he heard about it and asked me if I had come to an understanding."

"What did you tell him?"

"I told him that I might be able to report in a day or two."

"How in the world do such stories get out? You haven't been paying such marked attention to me, have you?"

"Haven't I?"

"Have you?"

"If I haven't, it's because I didn't know how."

"Why, Harry!"

"I have dogged your footsteps for two months."

"I hadn't noticed it."

"Everybody else has."

"But you never said anything."

"I know it, but I've been trying different kinds of nerve-food preparatory to saying something."

"You seem to have found one at last."

"No, it was this Hotchkiss news that aroused me to a sense of my duty. Up to this time I have been restrained by a sense of my own unworthiness, but when Hotchkiss is named as a possible rival—well, that's different. As compared with Hotchkiss, I am a good thing. Any girl that is threatened with Hotchkiss

ought to be willing to marry almost any one in order to save herself. He is something dire."

"Harry! How dare you speak of such a thing?"

"Who—what? Hotchkiss?"

"No, before that. What else did you say?"

"When?"

"Why, just a moment ago."

"I don't remember."

"It was something about marrying."

"Oh, that's what you want to talk about, is it?"

"No, it isn't. I simply want to know what you mean by saying that I would marry any one. You know better than that."

"No, I said you would probably be willing to marry me, if only to escape from Hotchkiss."

"That isn't what you said, at all."

"That's what I meant, anyway. I'll tell you, you've either got to take me or put me out of my misery. I never *did* have such a violent attack before."

"Oho? But you *have* had other attacks? Only this one is more violent, is that it?"

"Of course, I had a good many girls at school."

"Indeed!"

"Yes, but I never felt this way before. This is the first time I ever wanted to lick every man that even looked at her. I don't think those girls ought to count

at all. Of course, we used to take them out boat-riding and hug them—a little."

"A little?"

"But, pshaw! What's the use of talking about them? *Will* you?"

"*Will* I—am I to understand that this is a proposal?"

"I don't see what else you can make out of it."

"Well, it's the strangest proposal I ever received."

"I thought perhaps you'd like to have me vary the form. I knew you were tired of hearing the other kinds. Now, if you will only depart from your usual custom and say 'Yes' instead of 'No,' that will help matters still further."

"Oh, very well. I want to be just as original as you are."

"Then I take it that I am accepted."

"You haven't any of the symptoms of a man who has just been accepted."

"Pardon me. I didn't mean to keep you waiting."

TABLEAU.

"BUCK" AND GERTIE

"BUCK" AND GERTIE

Buchanan Caster, or "Buck" (he preferred the latter title), was man of all work for a family on the boulevard.

This family had come into wealth, and was making a weak effort to change its mode of life, without having any heart in the endeavour. "Buck" was the only man-servant and there was nothing of the servant in him. He was an independent product of a small town in Michigan, and, although he consented to curry the Chamberlain horses, mow the Chamberlain lawn, and even wear a tall hat while driving the Chamberlain carriage, he did so with the full mental reservation that he was "just as good" as any of the Chamberlains, living or dead, and possibly a few degrees keener on ordinary topics.

He assumed an easy familiarity with Jonas Chamberlain, the head of the family, and he addressed Harry Chamberlain, the son, by his first name. He respected Mrs. Chamberlain as a woman of sound judgment, but he considered it his privilege to dis-

agree with her at times and enter into argument. He liked the two Chamberlain girls, and was willing to do almost any kind of favour for them, if properly approached.

"Buck" Caster considered that he was the one level-headed and responsible person around the Chamberlain premises. He was willing to receive suggestions from the Chamberlains, but he much preferred that they should come to him for advice. Usually they came.

The imported menials—those who sit in wooden stiffness on the carriage-boxes, who never relax their solemn features except to say, "Yes, mum," and who always see between themselves and their employers a vast and unbridgable chasm—would have said that "Buck" was a total failure as a servant. Probably this was true. He never regarded himself as a servant. "Buck" seemed to feel that he was general manager for the Chamberlains.

He might have grown grey as superintendent of the family if it had not been for Gertrude.

She was the cook.

From the day of her arrival, when "Buck" carried the fragile yellow trunk up to the room under the roof, a change came over the household. "Buck's" whole conduct was altered. Much of his imperial dignity deserted him. He lost that air of bustling im-

portance which made him the wonder of the small boys in the neighbourhood.

He lacked industry, and when he drove the carriage he sat humped over and allowed the lines to hang loosely, so that as a driver he was a pitiable spectacle. A hired hand going to town with a load of oats would have made just as smart a picture.

The truth was, and it could not be concealed, that "Buck" was in love with Gertrude, the cook. He had been smitten severely and instantaneously.

She was a tall and cleanly creature of twenty-eight, a plodding worker, and a jewel for any household. At first she was pleased by "Buck's" kindly attentions, but when he began to show a desire to be assistant cook instead of general manager; when he lingered around the kitchen at unreasonable hours and stared at her devouringly, and especially when he began to send presents, she was deeply frightened.

Gertrude came from a conservative family in Will County, and she did not choose to approach matrimony in a gallop. Accordingly she repulsed "Buck" one night when he attempted to read to her a love-poem clipped from the *Fireside Companion*. She repulsed him, and she ordered him from the kitchen.

"Buck" went out that evening in company with an Irish coachman from the opposite side of the boulevard

and drank beer in order to extinguish the devouring flames of his unrequited love.

Coming home at 10.30, and finding Gertrude still up, he denounced her in a voice that could be heard four lots away.

This was too much for the patient Chamberlains. Next day Jonas Chamberlain attempted to reprimand "Buck," who resented the interference with his inalienable and Michigan-fostered rights, and went away, leaving the family to shift for itself.

Gertrude was melancholy after that.

She seemed to hold herself accountable for his downfall and the breaking of the time-hallowed tie.

It may have been that when Gertrude drove "Buck" from the kitchen she did not intend the dismissal to be final. Certainly she was no happier, for "Buck's" successor, a mild German youth, could go to the kitchen a dozen times without so much as seeing her.

Gertrude became more melancholy, more pious, more regretful. She was a regular attendant at religious services. The family supposed that she attended the Methodist Church. Not so. She had taken up with the Salvation Army.

She had enlisted and was into the fight, consecrated and red-striped, before the family had a chance to remonstrate. She gave up her position, made a fervent

little speech to Mrs. Chamberlain and then went away, burning with zeal.

Mrs. Chamberlain had been a friend to the army, but that day, as she drove to the intelligence office, she said several spiteful things about the abduction of cooks.

The Chamberlains heard nothing from either Buchanan or Gertrude, although many weeks passed by.

There came a Saturday night in the last month of the political campaign. A deafening band, followed by a straggle of shouters, had passed by. Two corner orators, drunken and incoherent, were shouting and sputtering at each other, while a crowd stood around and encouraged them by good-natured yelping. Above all the noise and confusion of partisan politics rose the swinging notes of an old-fashioned hymn, the thump of a drum, and the rattle of tambourines.

Harry Chamberlain had tired of the political shouters. He strolled off into the side street, where the swinging flame of a big torch lighted the circle of spectators drawn around a group of Salvation Army soldiers.

The singing had ceased, and a woman, mounted on a chair, was exhorting. Her high, sonorous voice ran freely. She spoke with hysterical fervour, never hesi-

tating, never in doubt as to what she wished to say. Harry Chamberlain idled along the edge of the crowd until he could see the face half-shaded by the poke-bonnet.

It was Gertrude.

Gertrude, the silent woman of the kitchen, transformed by religious ecstasy into a fiery advocate. He pressed forward and a second surprise awaited him.

There, in red shirt, with huge bass-drum strapped to him, his face illumined with interest in the speaker, rolling "Amens," fondling the drumstick with hot impatience, was Buchanan Caster.

Harry moved around so as to get near the drummer. Presently the meeting was over.

"Buck!" said Harry.

"Hello, Harry!" exclaimed the drummer. "Did you hear the sergeant speak? Ain't she wonderful? Say, I went into the meeting one night and saw her there. I went right up and joined. Then she knew I meant business. We're doin' a wonderful work—wonderful!"

"Take me back to the spot
Where I first saw the light."

The whole squad took up the song.

"Bang!" went the drum. Harry ran to get out of the way of the marchers.

He saw Gertrude lead on, swinging a tambourine above her head, and behind her was "Buck," leaning back until he could look straight up at the stars, and pounding the drum until it quivered.

THE SCAPEGOAT

"Hello, Billy."

"Hello, Tom."

"You're here, are you? Been waiting long?"

"I just this minute sat down. You're on the dot."

"Punctuality is one of my two virtues. I was afraid you wouldn't get the note."

"I found it in the box this morning. Where is this place you're going to take me?"

"It's a garden away out north. I've got an open carriage outside there—beautiful night for a ride."

"And the wife?"

"She's out there—in the carriage."

"Well, let's not keep her waiting. I'm ready." (*Starting.*)

"Say—hold on; you needn't throw away your cigar. Sit down. She can wait a moment."

"Well, maybe she can, but can *I*? You must remember I've never seen the wife."

"You'll get a good look at her presently. Before we go out there, I want to refresh your memory."

"Do what?"

"Refresh your memory. You know—we were together last evening."

"Were we?"

"We were—unless you want me to pay alimony. Don't you remember? You see, yesterday afternoon I thought possibly you were in town already, so I came around to the hotel about half-past five and found you here. You were delighted to see me, of course—roomed together at college, fraternity brothers, shaved with the same razor and all that. You insisted that I take dinner with you."

"Did I?"

"I should say you did. You insisted and kept on insisting. You said you would be deeply hurt if I didn't cut everything else and dine with you. I tried hard to tear myself away. I told you that my wife was waiting for me at home; that her sister had come over to spend the day, and that if I didn't show up for dinner, she wouldn't speak to me for a week. Then you said that an old friend had certain claims that even a wife would have to recognise and give way to. You said that I could dine with my wife every other day in the year, but this was the one day that I would have to give over to the oldest and dearest friend of my boyhood days."

"It seems that I was quite determined to have you dine with me."

"Billy, you were simply immovable. You wouldn't take 'No' for an answer. You ordered dinner for two while I was trying to break away. You said that you were absolutely certain my wife would not mind at all, when she learned all the facts in the case."

"I am to remember all this, am I?"

"You are to remember all that and more. I anticipate a cross-examination."

That's pleasant."

"You are to be prepared to tell what we had for dinner, repeat portions of the conversation, mostly in regard to the dear old days in college, and to testify that I drank only two glasses of wine."

"All of which is a cheerful prospect—but I can't say that I'm surprised. You may recall that I had to do more or less lying for you when we roomed together."

"I know, Billy, but this is different. It was easy enough to fool the faculty, but it requires an artist to convince my wife that there's nothing wrong when I fail to show up for dinner and don't get in until two in the morning."

"Was it as bad as that?"

"Well, that's merely a rough outline of it."

"Where were you, anyway?"

"I was with you."

"Yes?"

"Oh, yes. This is where you have to do some more refreshing. You will recall that we sat at the table for at least an hour talking over old times and then we went up to your room."

"Why did we go up there?"

"I've got that all fixed. We went up there to look at some photographs—old friends of ours, college friends."

"It seems, Tom, that the college theme runs all the way through this masterpiece."

"That's right. We sat up in your room and talked about the men in our class, the ball-games we used to win, and so on—about nearly everything, except girls. We didn't talk about girls, remember that. When I was in school I was rather diffident and knew only two or three girls in town."

"Great Scott!"

"Now you've got a general idea of the whole thing. I came around early, and you compelled me to stay to dinner. After dinner we sat at the table and talked, and finally you suggested that we go up to your room and look at those photographs."

"What would a man on his way to Yellowstone Park be doing with a lot of old photographs?"

"That's what she asked. I told her that you always carried them with you—one of your peculiarities. We looked at these photographs, fell into a rambling conversation, and forgot all about the time until you happened to look at your watch and told me it was after one o'clock. I was horrified—ran out and got into a cab and went home."

"And she believes it, does she?"

"She will if you corroborate the whole thing. Here, watch me. Do you remember the sign of distress we used to have in the frat? Well, I give it to you now."

"By George, Tom, you are a wonder. So this is to be my introduction to your wife, is it? A fine reputation you've given me! Do you know where I *was* last evening? Calling on an uncle on the west side, sitting on the veranda and talking Christian science."

"You merely thought you were out there. As a matter of fact you were down here with me."

"Talking of the beloved college days."

"Happy college days!"

"From half-past five in the afternoon until after one o'clock in the morning—in the house all the time, and the thermometer at 90."

"I'll admit that the story might be improved, but

it was the best I could do in the time I had. Good or bad, it has been spread on the records, and it must be backed up. She asked me if it wasn't rather warm sitting in a hotel bedroom all evening, and I told her that you had a room on the tenth floor and got a fine breeze."

"But there are only seven floors in this hotel."

"Oh, well, she won't stop to count them."

"Does she think it was decent of me to compel you to dine downtown when she and her sister were waiting for you at home? In other words, how do I stand with the wife?"

"She may be a trifle sarcastic, but don't you mind that."

"Oh, certainly not! Don't *mind* it! You seem to make it out that I'm as guilty as you are. You infernal reprobate! However, I suppose I must face it out. By the way, where *did* you go last night?"

"Well, I'll tell you, Billy. An old customer came into the place about five o'clock——"

"Never mind. I don't care to tax your imagination too much—all in one day. We'll go out and meet the wife—and begin to lie."

WILLIE CURTIN—A MAN

WILLIE CURTIN—A MAN

Willie Curtin, George Tobey, and the one "Scotty" stood at the front of Gust Heinmiller's place. Heinmiller's was a squat establishment made of wood, and those who passed the staring doorway caught a sour and malty odour with just a tang of keen spirits. Heinmiller depended somewhat upon the bucket trade. His saloon backed up against a disordered net of railway-tracks, where the trains clanked eternally.

The region was one of cinders and water-logged block pavements, sinking back dejectedly into the black mud from which our unexpected Chicago had first arisen. Large furls of smoke unwrapped themselves lazily from the near-by planing-mill and, diluting into a smudge, softly enveloped the whole unlovely neighbourhood.

The two-story houses stood in crowded lines. Each had a perilous front stairway for the use of the superimposed family. There was no hint of the earth's green, save here and there a weedy geranium set far out on a sill, as if to coax for sunshine and fresh air.

Willie Curtin was twenty, and a full hand at the

mill. George Tobey and the one "Scotty" had been known to work, but never in a cheerful and voluntary mood. "Scotty's" mother kept boarders. Under pretence of buying supplies and doing the heavy work around the house, he found time to stand on Heinmiller's corner. "Scotty" was acknowledged captain of the young men who came to Heinmiller's each evening. The politicians had him on their books as a useful man, and the police hoped to know him more intimately. "Scotty" had a line of small accomplishments which earned for him the admiration of all who stood at the bar. He was given to the singing of sentimental songs and could do very neat steps in the sand. His hat was worn at a careless angle, and in his walk there was a defiant little swagger, of which he was quite unconscious.

While the three stood at the corner, the troops of children came from the Von Moltke school. This was the school the three had attended until they learned to read the nickel library. It was a congress of nations. There were reddish little boys with all the pugnacious mischief of Ireland squinting from their eyes. There were docile Swedish tots with tow braids, and little Italian girls of such olive complexion and great dark eyes that dirt and tatter could not dismay their beauty. Then there were plump German young

ones who skipped instead of walking, and two negro boys, at whom "Scotty" spat, so that they had to jump to escape disaster.

The older girls were at the last of the procession. They came locked in trios, and the whole street was awakened by their chatter.

"Scotty" moved over to the edge of the sidewalk so that the girls would have to pass between him and the swinging doors that opened into Heinmiller's. He tapped his hat jauntily with a forefinger, put his thumbs into his vest arm-holes, and waited. The girls saw him and suddenly ceased talking. They exchanged swift glances and began to walk more rapidly.

"Hello, girls!" he said.

They tried to hurry past. He stepped in and seized a girl in the second three. It was Susie Curtin.

"Come here, Susie, I want to tell you something," he said, tightening his lips to keep back the laughter.

"You let go of me," she cried, pulling and backing away from him, but he had gripped her forearm and she tugged in vain.

"No—on the level, I want to tell you something," he said, and then he gave a long tantalising "Ah-h-h!" as she struck at him awkwardly and girl-fashion, while he dodged the blow by leaning backward.

"Let go of me!" she repeated. Her voice broke and

her eyes were swimming with tears of mortification. "You ought to be ashamed of yourself."

She broke away and ran headlong among her companions. They closed about her and hurried on, whispering their consolation as they cast frightened glances back at the corner where "Scotty" had halted after making a playful start as if to pursue them.

Willie Curtin had stood still while this was happening between "Scotty" and his sister. His hands were clinched in his trousers' pockets and it seemed to him that he did not have the strength to withdraw them.

He stood motionless, with a heat rising into his head. The buildings across the street toppled and swung. His heart beat rapidly.

"Scotty" gave a peculiar upward jerk to his head and smiled from one side of his mouth.

"I like to kid the girls," he said, and shouldered through the swinging doors into Heinmiller's place. George Tobey followed him.

Willie leaned against the corner and tried to whistle, so as to reassure himself that he had not been disturbed by the episode. He said to himself that Susie was only a child and "Scotty" had meant it in fun. But the lie contradicted itself, for he knew that he was sick with self-contempt.

But what could he have done? Suppose he had in-

terfered. "Scotty" would have whipped him. In this miserable reflection he found small consolation. He had read paper-covered books and he had seen the weekly melodrama at the Bijou, and he knew that any man who calls himself a man must not stand silent, with his hands in his pockets, while his sister is being bullied and insulted. He remembered that he had tried to grin when "Scotty" laid hold of Susie and pulled her away from the other girls. Perhaps "Scotty" selected her just to prove that he rated Willie as a coward. Willie tapped the corner of the building with his closed fist and thought hard thoughts.

He did not speak to Susie of what had happened at the corner. She had not appealed to him for protection when "Scotty" held her by the arm. She did not rebuke him when he came home to supper. She looked at him in a furtive and shamefaced way across the table as if to acknowledge that both of them lived in fear and dread of the only "Scotty." It was her silence and her manner of not expecting him to play the man that wore upon Willie. He knew that he would despise himself until he had fought "Scotty."

If Willie had a definite resolution, he did not express it—not even to himself. When he began to work in Larry Bowen's gymnasium, he did not know that he

was preparing to fight "Scotty." He was learning to box because every young fellow should know how to take care of himself.

Larry Bowen was a retired professional who gave evening lessons in a loft which he called his "academy." Larry had lost many of his teeth in prairie battles, and one ear, after repeated poundings, had taken on a sort of muffin-shape. Larry had fallen short of championship honours, but no one less than a champion had beaten him down when he was in his prime. He and his advanced pupils received Willie into their grim brotherhood and taught him that pain and bloodshed are the mere zest of manhood. He fought them doggedly and then sat among them, thoughtfully taking instruction. For a half-hour at a time he would send the punching-bag tap-tap-tap against the hard boards. He felt of himself and found new muscles lining themselves.

One evening he caught the great Larry unawares and shook him to the heels with a straight left-hander. Larry crouched and came back to fight—not to instruct. They mixed it—counter and cross, give and take, infighting, tearing loose, breathing heavily like maddened animals—each swinging desperately for the knock-out. When they finished, in a struggling embrace, Willie felt the warm blood in his mouth, and

the great Larry regarded his pupil with but one effective eye.

"You're comin' on a lot, kid," said Larry, caressing his nose with a gloved hand.

This would be scant praise from any one but Larry. Willie knew what it meant. He walked homeward, stretching himself within his sweater and tapping his biceps. The light from Heinmiller's place fell across the sidewalk. From within came the assertive voice of the only "Scotty," who was talking politics. No doubt "Scotty" had forgotten all about it—for it had been but a trivial incident. His career had been crowded with many such pleasantries. When Willie walked in, "Scotty" gave him a sidewise nod, such as a great personage bestows upon a satellite entering his presence, and he continued his dissertation on men and affairs, as viewed by the precinct-worker. Willie stood back, somewhat at a loss for a definite policy, and yet quietly confident that opportunity is seldom denied the willing soul.

A fight, to have any ceremonial dignity, must follow logically upon a quarrel. Therefore, when "Scotty" declared that a certain "Jimmy," of ward fame, was a prince and the very essence of gentility, Willie had to say that "Jimmy" was a cheap thief and a lowly counterfeit.

Thereupon "Scotty" unhesitatingly used violent language and the provocation existed. Willie hit "Scotty" twice before "Scotty" knew that he was to be hit at all. Heinmiller, the man of peace, shouted from behind the bar, counselling arbitration. "Scotty" aroused himself and bore down upon the boy. He ran straight into a rigid left arm, but he caught hold of Willie's coat and tried to pull the battle down to the floor—a tactic of the bar-room fighter. Willie gave a twist and wriggled out of the coat. He ran for a shelter behind the pool-table. "Scotty" followed, and the boy suddenly turned, meeting the big fellow right and left. "Scotty" fell backward and Willie pounced upon him.

When the patrolman rushed in and compelled Willie to relax his hold upon the throat of the only "Scotty," his judicial mind did not classify the battle as one tinged with the sweetness of chivalry or touched by the glamour of romance. It was the inevitable, the nightly "saloon scrap."

The Curtin family was deeply humiliated and hurt in reputation. John Curtin had to go out at night to find a bondsman. Willie was released from the station at midnight. His mother and Susie were waiting for him—indignant, horrified.

"To think that anny son of mine'd turn out to be

a saloon rowdy," said Mrs. Curtin. "Locked up—the same as a thief. I'll be ashamed to meet Father Carney."

"That's all right," said Willie.

"It serves you right for always running around with those toughs and trying to be a regular prize-fighter," added Susie.

"That's all right," said Willie.

OPENING OF NAVIGATION

OPENING OF NAVIGATION

Two lake-faring men went hard at it with scrubs to clean the wooden effigy of Ceres, perched above the wheel-house of the Dudley Brown.

Ceres sat in a very stiff and conventional attitude, gazing directly up stream. She had a black spot painted in each eye, and the effect was to give her the appearance of staring with fascinated interest.

Could Ceres have seen from out those wooden eyes she would have learned that the big warehouses were dozing in warm sunshine. Along the docks which skirted them ran a most uneasy movement of men. Painters, in white suits, were suspended, like spiders, along the sides of the gaunt iron propellers and were covering the stains and rust of a winter's harbouring. Decks were being scrubbed down and rigging set taut and serviceable. In fact, Ceres would have known that the season was arousing itself.

Ceres wore a loose garment of fiery red. Her arms and face were white and rather scaly from repeated applications of white-lead. The sheaf which she carried in her left arm was done in brilliant yellow, and

altogether she was a startling figure as she sat triumphant above the wheel-house, where the crowds passing on the bridge might look up and admire.

Ceres held this place of distinction because the Dudley Brown was a grain-carrying steamer plying between Chicago and Buffalo, and Ceres is the goddess of corn and tillage. The mariner could not pay a prettier compliment to the husbandman. Such courtesy was all the more graceful because one does not find many allusions to mythology along the Chicago river.

The two men who had climbed to the tin roof of the wheel-house to cleanse the goddess were sailors—not the Jack Tars of youthful imagination, but sailors who had been reduced to deck-hands through the changes in navigation and the gradual supremacy of steam.

Dan Griswold had been a real Captain Marryat sailor once upon a time, and had all the tattoo marks to prove it. He could splice and knot and reef, and he knew the names of all the sails and sheets, but this knowledge counted for nothing on the Dudley Brown. In the opinion of Dan Griswold it was not a vessel at all—just a huge grain-bin crowded along by a screw.

The sailor having lost his station, the pride and the clothes had gone with it. These two men scrubbing at the goddess were in blue flannel shirts and a cheap

quality of factory-made, farmer clothes. Dan Griswold wore a crumpled cap, and the younger man had a derby hat, bleached by the sun.

The younger man's name was Larry Pearson.

"I think she's clean, Larry," said Dan, passing the bucket and brush back to his companion and lowering himself, with a few grunts and sighs, from the roof of the wheel-house.

"She looks all right," said Larry.

"We've got to keep her looking all right," remarked Dan, as he picked up his bucket and walked aft. "She's the only woman we'll have aboard—and it's a good thing she can't hear what's bein' said."

Three men were perched along the rail on the sunny side of the boat warming their backs. One of them, Tony Baldwin, was reading aloud from a newspaper.

He stopped reading as Dan came up and said, "Here, Dan, you want to hear this."

"What is it?"

"They say the ice is out o' the straits, and they can get through now without a scratch. As soon as they can get insurance everything'll start. It's goin' to be the earliest season we've had for years."

"I'll be glad o' that," growled Larry, who had followed along. "It can't open any too soon for me."

"If I was on a real boat I wouldn't care, either,"

said Dan. "I'm forgettin' what a sail looks like, and I never did like the smell o' rain-water. That's all that thing is"—with a wave of the hand toward the lake—"a big puddle o' rain-water."

"I know why Dan ain't so anxious to get away this spring," said Tony, with a wink at the others. "He's stuck on the missus. Why don't you marry her, Dan, and settle down?"

"This ain't no time or place to talk about a lady," said Dan. "Leastways, not for low roustabouts to talk about her."

"Who's a low roustabout?" asked Tony, as he straightened his legs and came down to the deck. "Who's a low roustabout?"

"Well, who *is* a low roustabout if you ain't?"

"I'm goin' to make you swaller that."

"Come and do it."

They closed in, pawing at each other. They grappled and did a slow, heaving waltz together, and then went to the deck with Dan on top.

They were holding on, tugging and making inarticulate noises when the mate came. He was a very young man with a straw-coloured moustache.

"Here! Let go! Get up and out of here," he commanded, prodding the man underneath with his foot.

Dan untangled himself and came to his feet. He

was breathing heavily and one eye had a bruised and watery appearance. Tony had been defeated by the rules of battle, but he bore no marks and was anxious to resume the fight.

"Go on—get off the boat, both of you," said the mate. "I don't want you around," and he gave his opinion of the two in language which may be imagined but cannot be quoted.

Dan jumped to the dock and went along the plank-driveway between the cold-storage warehouse and a freight-depot. One whole side of his face burned as if it had been chafed with a piece of sail-cloth. He wondered if the eye would show any colour. If so, he did not want to go to Mrs. Gunderson's, for he had told Mrs. Gunderson that he was not a fighting man. She would not have fighting or drinking men in the house, and that is why the discriminating captains and mates had come to board with her.

Dan had lived at the house for two winters, and during the second winter, because he could not be idle and because Mrs. Gunderson came to have a growing confidence in him, he was a sort of business manager for the establishment. He brought in reliable customers, kept track of the accounts, did much of the purchasing, and advised Mrs. Gunderson in all emergencies. For the first time in his wandering career

he had found a taste of real domestic life, for one can never know domestic life unless one feels a proprietary interest.

Dan had outlived the sailors' period of romance. He had tired of the life on the grain steamers, but he had never dreamed that he could make a living or be useful in any way except on board a vessel. Here he was, preparing to begin another season of drudgery on the lakes, but he hated the prospect as he had never hated it before, and he began to realise that there was more of dignity and comfort in managing a three-decked boarding-house than in being ordered about as a common sailor. It was out of the bitterness of his daily reflections that he had resented Tony's playful remark.

Mrs. Gunderson met him as he entered the doorway.

"There you are, Mr. Griswold!" she exclaimed. "I've been lookin' for you. Mr. Cleary wants his bill. Lord bless us, man! What's the matter with your eye?"

It may be remarked that although Mrs. Gunderson's husband (lost with a lumber schooner) had been a Norwegian, she was distinctly Scotch and Irish.

"I got into trouble with a fellow on the boat. It's all right. I'll make out Cleary's bill."

He went into his own room to work at the "books," and presently Mrs. Gunderson came in with a piece of steak for his eye, which he refused with gentle scorn.

"Mr. Cleary says the straits are open," remarked Mrs. Gunderson, as she admired Dan's work with the figures.

"Yes, they'll be gettin' away most any day now."

"Goodness only knows what we'll do when you're gone, Mr. Griswold. I've come to depend on you so much—with twenty men in the house."

"I hate to go myself, Mrs. Gunderson."

"Why can't you stay? I can pay you a little something, or annyway your board—which you've been wantin' to pay. I need a man—I do that."

"So the boys on the boat say."

"They do?"

"Yes; I had my fight with a fellow that asked me why didn't I marry you."

"Bless you, the two girls have been askin' that for a month."

"Cleary owes you eleven fifty," said Dan, handing the bill to her. As she received it, she gave him a glance which he seemed to understand.

It was three days later that the mate of the Dudley Brown met Dan on the State Street bridge. Dan

was smoking a cigar and surveying the river with the air of one who owned the stream and all abutting property.

"Look here, Dan, why haven't you been around?" he demanded. "I wouldn't be surprised if navigation opens by Saturday."

"Navigation can open and be damned," replied Dan. "I've quit the water."

NO CLARENCE

NO CLARENCE

After the bubbling crowd from the 1.40 train had spouted through the main exit and gone its various ways, "Connie" found himself saying: "Cab, sir? Hi! cab, sir? Here you are!" to no one in particular except a fatigued officer of the law.

The station dozed again. Usually it was dozing or else roaring, with the alternations running on schedule time. Now it had simmered down for fifteen minutes of comparative quiet.

"Connie" saw no prospect of immediate employment. It is believed that he stared after the last stragglers and remarked to the policeman that they were "mugs." A "mug" is a person who does not ride in a hansom cab.

Connie's brown derby hat was rather too high and cocoa-nut shaped to be accepted as the vogue, and his clothes had certain slashing curves and a tightness about the legs to prove that the wearer had been for many years among the tall fronts and lamp-posts. The four-in-hand cravat was a burning red and rested against a checked bosom of a kind which,

through some mysterious adaptability, is always chosen by men who handle horses.

If you ever come to know "Connie" well you will discover his good points. A single encounter might serve to emphasise his mercenary qualities and leave his virtues unsummoned from within. He has been known to charge an unprotected woman three dollars for a single haul from the Rock Island station to the Auditorium, taking her by way of Desplaines Street and Chicago Avenue.

It is certain that his judgment of distances is not always accurate, as, for instance, his estimate that it is two miles from the Northwestern station to Rush Street, by the short cut, whereas the city map makes it five blocks.

A man may have a grasp for money and still be tender-hearted, as witness the well-known philanthropists.

"Connie" would lean against a wheel and almost sniffle when "Big Burton," a coupé driver, sung his "sister songs" in a suppressed tenor, with many effective dwells.

He was over-ready to fight for a friend, and he was good to his horse. These two points of merit always counted heavily in his favour.

The policeman had lounged away toward a corner

fruit-stand, and "Connie" had settled back against license number 42871 for a wait and a whistle, when the girl from the country came to the doorway and shaded her eyes for a look up the sunny street.

"Cab, lady?" asked "Connie."

She turned and gave him a candid smile.

"No, I don't want no hack. I'm waitin' to meet a gentleman friend."

"Has he broke a date?"

She made no reply, but stood just outside the doorway and watched the street expectantly, once or twice leaning back to see the top of the fourteen-story building only a block away.

"Connie" studied her, for lack of other entertainment. He inspected her from the dusty button shoes up to the one-winged hat. She had a boyish, sun-coloured face, and her hands were large and strong. The blue dress, black lace trimmings, plaid ribbon, and a suspended Japanese fan made such a conflict of colours that even "Connie" felt disturbed and shook his head slowly, the corners of his mouth pulled downward and two small wrinkles of merriment showing between his eyebrows.

"The party ain't showed up yet, eh?" he asked.

"No, he ain't, an' I don't know what to make of it."

"Who wuz it you was expectin', the real boy?"

"It's the gentleman I'm engaged to—Mr. Blivins."

"Come again."

"What did you say?"

"Give me that name again. What's the party's name?"

"Blivins—Clarence Blivins. I ain't seen him for about a month, but I wrote to him yesterday an' told him I was comin'."

"He lives here in Chicago, does he?"

"Yes, sir, he lives here and he's well off, too. I got acquainted with him when they had the rally over at Ransom. He had a stand there."

"What kind of a stand?"

"What kind d'you s'pose? A place where they sell lemonade an' peanuts an' pop an' so on."

"Oh!"

"I got acquainted with him there an' he proposed to me, an' I'm up here now to marry him—but I don't s'pose I need to rattle on to you about it."

"Sure, lady, go ahead," said "Connie," in a confiding tone, intended to encourage her. "If you've got his address I may be able to locate him for you. Where does he live?"

"I've got it on a card somewheres. He wrote it down for me."

She went into a low pocket of the blue dress and brought out a very small purse, fastening with a snap, from which she took a crumpled piece of paper.

"Connie" unfolded the paper and read, written in pencil:

> Clarence Blivins,
> Lincoln Park,
> Chicago.

"He give you this, did he?" asked "Connie."

"Yes, sir."

"Lincoln Park! Talk about stringin'! Where did you meet this guy?"

"Over at Ransom, when they had the rally."

"Where's Ransom?"

"Do you know where Kankakee is?"

"Well, I've heard of it."

"Well, it ain't on the same road as Kankakee, but it's about—I don't know—twenty-three or twenty-four miles, I should judge——"

"All right, we'll let it go at that. You say you met him at a rally?"

"Yes, sir, I stopped at his stand to buy some popcorn an' we got to talkin', an' then he asked me to take a ride in the swing with him. We got to talkin',

an' he took me right from the start becuz he wuz so pleasant spoken."

"I'll bet he was a nice man. What did he tell you?"

"Well, I told him I'd always wanted to git to Chicago becuz I'd only been here once when they had an excursion to the World's Fair, an' then I didn't get to see half, so he says, 'I live in Chicago an' I'm purty well fixed an' I want to git married.' He told me he owned a store here an' could give me a home an' I wouldn't have to work the way I did in the country. I told him I wouldn't ask no other woman to look after my house, so he said I could do part of the work if I felt like it, but he expected to have a good hired girl to help me. He said we could settle that after I got here. We had quite a long talk about one thing an' another. makin' arrangements. He give me his name an' where he lived, an' said when I wuz ready to come to just up an' let him know. I wrote to him a couple o' days ago that I was comin', but I guess he didn't git the letter. Mebbe he's off somewheres with his stand."

"I wouldn't be a bit surprised. What are you goin' to do—wait for him?"

"I don't hardly know what I'd better do. I don't s'pose I could find the place alone."

"I think I can find it for you. You get in the cab an' I'll drive you over that way."

"How much would it come to?"

"Oh, I'll make it reasonable. How much money you got with you?"

"I've got four dollars an' a quarter here. I spent some on the train."

"You'd better let me carry it for you. It ain't safe for a lady to be carryin' money around these depots."

She gave him the purse. He looked at it and then at her, in sheer astonishment, but he stiffened his face to keep from laughing.

"You are certainly all right," he said. "How did you fix it to get away from home?"

"I told 'em I wuz goin' to ride in with Bashford Simmons to see the Moffett girls, but I kept on an' rode into town."

"They didn't know anything about Clarence, eh?"

"No, I ain't told any one. He told me not to."

"Well, well! Climb in."

"Connie" took hold of her arm and assisted her into the hansom. Then he swung up to his little seat behind. As the horse came around and started away at a pounding jog-trot, "Connie" shook his head

slowly and said to himself, "Well, I've heard of this kind, but I wouldn't 'a' believed it."

He looked down through the hole at the dusty hat, which was in a constant rotary motion, for she was trying to look at both sides of the street at the same time.

Presently the cab turned from State Street west into Harrison Street, following a path familiar to both horse and driver. It was then "Connie" began to realise that even if he gave the prospective Mrs. Blivins four dollars' worth of honest cab-riding he would have to set her down somewhere at last. He knew of many places into which she would go as unhesitatingly as she had gone into the swing with the missing Clarence.

For the purposes of a story, it might be advisable to say that "a struggle was taking place" in "Connie's" mind. "Struggle" is hardly the word, for he was chuckling most of the time and dimly wondering why the peanut-man had chosen such an unusual and profitless lie.

Occasionally he looked down at her and sighed with wonderment. It would make a good story to tell to "Big Burton."

"Yes, and it's lucky 'Big Burton' wuzn't pulled up there, instead of me," he said to himself.

He drove on without stopping and headed east toward State Street.

"She's too easy," he said. "If she put up a fly front I might—but *her!* Back to the tall grass!"

Another turn and they were headed for the station.

"What's the matter?" she asked, wonderingly, as "Connie" came down from the high seat.

"Say, Ethel, you take this money an' hide it inside your cloze somewheres. I'll show you a nice place to set until the train comes, an' if you move, that big copper'll run you in."

"What have I done?" she asked, staring at him, pop-eyed.

"Sh—h—h! You've got one chance in a thousand of gettin' out of town alive, and I'm your friend. I'll show you where to get your ticket an' where your train backs in, and I want you to be the first one aboard. Don't buy nothin' of the train butcher an' don't speak to no brakesmen."

"Don't you s'pose Mr. Blivins——"

"Lady, I hate to tell you, but I must. Your friend, Mr. Blivins, sold Lincoln Park and moved out to the four-mile crib a week ago, an' besides, he's married."

"Yes, but looky here——"

"That'll do for you. Not another word."

And they went in to buy the return ticket.

WHEN FATHER MEETS FATHER

WHEN FATHER MEETS FATHER

An "L" train had come to a grinding stop at the second station of the inbound trip. The big man came along the aisle until he saw a seat with only one man in it. His Chicago training asserted itself. He hurriedly pre-empted the place. The man already in the seat moved over toward the window. The big man said "Thanks," secretively, and leaned back to waste seventeen minutes of this precious life.

In the seat opposite, and facing them, were two women and one baby.

The younger woman held the baby, and the young woman's mother superintended. Once she said: "I think you'd better keep your hand on his back, Ida. The car jolts so."

Soon after she advised strongly against allowing "him" to chew the newspaper, advancing a theory that printer's ink is not a wholesome food for infants.

Ida, who was all eyes for "him," followed directions placidly, and three times she addressed him as "precious rascal," which doubtful compliment was utterly ignored.

The baby was a round-faced, pinkish creature with big, blue eyes. As babies go, doubtless he was a very fine specimen. When he opened his mouth to crow, he showed two unimportant teeth. His gown was a scramble of lace, and the bonnet was fastened under his plump chin with an enormous bow.

He pawed the air with two milk-white fists until his mother turned him around squarely. Then he sat very still and studied the two men on the other seat.

The big man with the black moustache wore a blue suit, a broad straw hat, and a striped négligé shirt with a loose cravat falling down the front of it.

His neighbour was a smaller and rather pale man, with a short patch of side-whiskers in front of each ear. His coat was of black silk, the cravat was of white lawn, and the rim of his straw hat was much narrower than that of his neighbour's.

The baby stared at one and then at the other. The pale man stood the scrutiny for a time and then began to smile. The baby smiled in return, and the pale man winked and shook his head in a threatening way, causing the infant to become serious again and turn to the big man.

The latter pointed his finger and, using his thumb as a trigger, discharged a loud cluck, which so delighted the child that it waved its arms and gurgled.

Once more he clucked and this time the demonstration of delight was so earnest that the mother looked out of the window in pleased embarrassment and the grandmother smiled and said: "Oh, you bad boy, you're not afraid of any one."

The big man put his forefinger against the baby's ribs and said: "Kitchey, kitchey, kitchey, kitchey, kitchey."

Leaning with his elbows on his knees the pale man watched this performance with unconcealed delight, especially when the baby laughed so hard that it came very near rolling off its mother's lap.

"Boy or girl?" he asked.

"Boy, and a bad boy, too; now, aren't you?" the mother replied, straightening the bonnet, which had been pulled down over one eye during the frolic. She was blushing proudly.

"No, he ain't a bad boy; no, siree," said the big man. "He's a little corker; that's what he is. Ain't you a little corker?" He advanced his forefinger toward the ribs, and the "corker" went into a kicking fit over the mere prospect of being tickled again.

"What's his name?" asked the pale man.

"Tell the gentleman your name," said the grandmother, shaking him by the arm. But he could see

no one except the big man, from whom he was momentarily expecting another attack.

"His name's Walter, but all he can say now is 'Wah'; you see, he's only a little over a year old. How old is he, Ida?"

"Thirteen months and ten days," was the prompt reply.

"You seem to have made a deep impression on him," said the pale man to his neighbour.

"Would he come to me, do you s'pose?" asked the big man of the grandmother.

"Bless you, he isn't afraid of any one."

"Let's see? Come, Walter, come to me; come on."

While entreating, the big man held out his hands, and the baby, with his round face puckered into a laugh, reached for the big man.

"Just look at that," said the baby's mother, with a little gasp.

The big man received Walter and danced him in the air. He allowed the baby to claw his moustache, and when he said "Ouch," the pale man laughed aloud, and the whole car, which was watching the performance, smiled.

"Oh, you bad boy," said the grandmother, recovering Walter and straightening the bonnet once more. "Ida, the next stop is Thirty-first."

That was where they alighted. The baby looked back over the mother's shoulder and laughed at the two men, who grinned after him like two foolish boys.

Two eager men with newspapers fought their way into the vacant seat, and the friends of the baby found themselves depending upon each other for entertainment.

"Nice baby?" said the pale man.

"A dandy. I like 'em about that age."

"I have one of about that size—a little girl. She'll be fifteen months old on the 17th. She's just beginning to toddle around and we have to watch her all the time."

"That's right."

"The other day my wife left her alone for a little while, and when she came back there was that little tike clear up on the sideboard trying to get the cork out of the vinegar-bottle."

"You don't say so?"

"Yes, sir; she had pushed a chair over to the sideboard and climbed up."

"I've got a boy that's goin' to be a terror," said the big man. "He's only nine months old, but he's big for his age, and I guess he knows more than most children do at a year old. The other morning about six o'clock I was woke up by something poundin' me, and what

do you think? That little cuss had squirmed around in bed and had both of his feet in my face kicking away to beat the cars."

"Well, well!"

"I woke up my wife and let her see it. He knew what he was doin', all right, for when he saw me lookin' at him, he commenced to laugh. I'll tell you they begin to learn things early enough."

"They do, for a fact. Now, my second girl isn't five years old, and, of course, we've never sent her to school, but she knows her letters and can read some; just picked it up, you know. My wife and I thought we wouldn't attempt any instruction until she was six, but she simply went ahead and learned anyway."

"I'll bet you! That's the way they do. But say, you ought to see that oldest boy of mine. He's twelve years old and his sister is goin' on nine. They're down in the country now visitin' their grandmother, and I want to tell you, pardner, they think she's the greatest woman in the world. My wife's folks have a fine place, with an orchard and a crick and horses to ride. Why, when they get down there they just own the farm. Turn it upside down."

"I dare say they do," said the pale man, smiling and nodding his head as if he remembered something of the kind himself.

"Yes, you see their grandmother humours them and gives them all they want to eat, and fusses over them. She thinks more of them children than she does of me, but that's all right. My wife was the only child. And their grandfather! He'd bring a team in out of the field any time if the kids wanted to ride."

"I'm sorry I can't let my children get out into the country more than they do. But I send them to the park every pleasant afternoon, and, of course, they enjoy that."

"I'll bet they do, but it's better, of course, if they get clear out into the country, where they can peel their shoes and stockings and raise—Cain. I wish your children could get out there with mine. They'd have great times together."

"They would, indeed; I know *mine* would enjoy it. Is your little boy in good health?"

"Is he? He's a buster. Never cries except when the colic gets in its work. One day about a month ago the nurse set him in a chair and he fell off right on his head. My wife come screamin', thinkin', of course, that he was croaked, sure enough. That boy simply rolled over and started in playin' with his rattle again—never even whimpered."

"This seems to be Congress Street," said the pale man, looking out of the window, and arising.

"Yes, this is where I get off, too."

"Well, I'm very glad to have met you," and he held out his hand.

"The same to you," said the big man, giving a hearty grasp.

"I'll give you my card. Have you one?"

"I think I have, somewheres."

The pale man opened a leather case, and the other searched in his upper vest-pockets.

They exchanged cards while crowding to the platform with the others. Outside, after they had separated, each looked at his card. One read:

> Rev. McLeod Hatley,
> Essex Presbyterian Church.
> Residence, 4690 Calumet Avenue.

The other:

> The Smilax Buffet.
> "Billy" Alexander, Proprietor,
> 82 Clark Street.
> Imported and Domestic Wines,
> Liquors and Cigars. Remember the
> Number.
> The Home of the "Looloo" Cocktail.

THE END.

By Henry Harland

Author of "The Cardinal's Snuff Box"

MY FRIEND PROSPERO

A NOVEL which will fascinate by the grace and charm with which it is written, by the delightful characters that take part in it, and by the interest of the plot. The scene is laid in a magnificent Austrian castle in North Italy, and that serves as a background for the working out of a sparkling love-story between a heroine who is brilliant and beautiful and a hero who is quite her match in cleverness and wit. It is a book with all the daintiness and polish of Mr. Harland's former novels, and other virtues all its own.

Frontispiece in colors by Louis Loeb.

$1.50

McClure, Phillips & Co.

By Stanley J. Weyman

Author of "A Gentleman of France"

THE LONG NIGHT

GENEVA in the early days of the 17th century; a ruffling young theologue new to the city; a beautiful and innocent girl, suspected of witchcraft; a crafty scholar and metaphysician seeking to give over the city into the hands of the Savoyards; a stern and powerful syndic whom the scholar beguiles to betray his office by promises of an elixir which shall save him from his fatal illness; a brutal soldier of fortune; these are the elements of which Weyman has composed the most brilliant and thrilling of his romances. Claude Mercier, the student, seeing the plot in which the girl he loves is involved, yet helpless to divulge it, finds at last his opportunity when the treacherous men of Savoy are admitted within Geneva's walls, and in a night of whirlwind fighting saves the city by his courage and address. For fire and spirit there are few chapters in modern literature such as those which picture the splendid defence of Geneva, by the staid, churchly, heroic burghers, fighting in their own blood under the divided leadership of the fat Syndic, Baudichon, and the bandy-legged sailor, Jehan Brosse, winning the battle against the armed and armored forces of the invaders.

Illustrated by Solomon J. Solomon.

$1.50

McClure, Phillips & Co.

DATE DUE

MAY 1967

3 5132 00244 6268
University of the Pacific Library

Ade, George
In Babel

PS
1006
A6I6
1903

51030